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The Night Before Christmas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled ourselves for a long Winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow—
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew, in a moment, it must be Saint Nick;
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too,
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and dancing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly,
He was chubby and plump, and a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of the thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

THE CH ISTMAS WINDOW.

MRS. HELEN C. WARNER.

How well do I remember that Christmas ten years ago, which seems but yesterday, so swiftly does time fly when one is happy. We had little but sorrow and anxiety before that day, for we were poor, and mother had to work hard to keep us children fed and clothed, and father was always at the tavern drinking up his wages faster than he earned them, though he was a good workman and well paid.

We kept a little store in Green Lane.

We, means mother and I; for, although mother bought the things and took care of the money, I stood behind the counter and sold them; and in the spare hours, or on rainy days, when we had few customers in, I used to knit and crochet little odds and ends to sell, for which I had the money to buy my clothes. Besides me there were three other children, all younger: Jimmy, Fred and the baby.

On the particular Christmas of which I was speaking, we were sadly in want of money, for the store needed repairing and we must make additions to our little stock or our new neighbor across the way would get our trade; so we determined to make our little window look more tempting than ever before, hoping to attract custom and add to our scanty income.

It was Christmas Eve and we were busy waiting on the customers who had come in. We were very tired, having worked so hard all the week before to get the store in order. Mother had made molasses candy, pop-corn balls, and ginger bread dolls, besides going about to buy what things her purse would allow. Jimmy and I cleaned all the shelves and counters and the window; while even little Fred helped by keeping the baby quiet, who, I am sure, did all he could by being a very good child and not bumping his head too often.

What pride we took in decorating that little window! We couldn't afford any curtains so we took some nice white paper and notched the edges, cutting diamonds and crosses and round hearts above, under which we pasted a strip of gilt and it was real pretty; prettier, we thought, than a new-bought shade. We had two pots of ivy that mother had trained to meet overhead, and these we used in place of evergreens.

Then Jimmy and Fred strung bright red and yellow apples in alternation across the ivy, and we covered big marbles—"allies" the boys call them—with some of the gilt paper that was left, and hung them by rubber strings so that they danced up and down right merrily.

In the center of the window we set a large doll, the best we could afford, dressed by myself. Mother used to say I was made for a dress-maker. She wore a white dress with a long train, and a veil, with pink shoes, and a bow in her hair to match, and she carried a beautiful handkerchief made from a piece of lace paper, such as one finds in cigar boxes.

Then we filled up the rest of the window with candy and nuts, oranges and cornucopias, and when it was all complete Jimmy and I used to steal out every little while when we thought no one would be passing, and admire it, and say how much more handsome it was than our new neighbor's could possibly be.

But poor mother was nearly tired out, and partly from care of the baby at night after a hard day's work, but oftener from anxiety about father, she was thin and pale; and though she entered into our enjoyment at this time, still, when she was busy over something we could see the tears in her eyes, and then Jimmy and I used to whisper to each other that when we were grown older we would always take care of mother, and she never should cry any more; but ah! how little could we understand her heartaches.

We had done pretty well tha. day, and mother felt quite encouraged, for we had more customers than any year before, and several noticed how pretty the window looked, and when they spoke about it, my mother said, "My children did that." How shy and proud Jimmy and I were! But in spite of our pride and success, there was a cloud on our happiness that grew darker and darker now that the hurry and excitement was almost over, for father had not been home for over a week, and, although he had often stayed away for several days at a time, it had never been so long before; and when the stalwart workingmen, who knew him so well, came in with their little ones to buy some Christmas candies and asked after him, mother's voice almost failed her when she was obliged to say he was out, and she didn't know when he would come in. And then they would cast a pitying glance at her, which was harder to bear than all the rest.

We hardly thought of the Christmas day, for it would only be like all other days to us, only perhaps a little more sad.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening, and mother was leaning wearily on the counter, looking absently at its contents with thoughts far away, as anyone could see. Fred was holding the baby, who insisted upon keeping wide awake and staring around with his big blue eyes.

Jimmy and I were saying that we wished Christmas would come every week, if only the pennies would come, too, when all of a sudden as I turned toward the window, I saw father's face close to the glass, looking in at us. I was scared and gave a little scream, at which mother looked up, as he opened the door and came in.

We all shrank back a little, for sometimes he was very cross, and would strike us children when he came home, but somehow this time he didn't act as if he would, and walked right up to mother, took her by the arm and led her into the back room.

They were gone a long time, so long that Jimmy and I began to get tired, and as no more customers came in, he put up the shutters over our window and locked the door.

Baby had gone to sleep, so I took him from little Fred, who was nodding himself, and carried him into the room where mother and father were. Think how surprised I was when I saw mother looking so happy, with bright tears in her eyes, while father sat with his arms around her, looking very quiet, yet so proud and contented, too, and before them on the table, lay a roll of bills which I was sure father must have brought.

And, oh, what a merry Christmas day we had! Father was at home all day, and he trotted the baby and praised Jimmie and me and told us we were to commence going to school now, and need not work hard any more, for he would hire some one to wait in the store, and mother was to have a girl to help her, and take care of the baby. We could hardly believe it, but it all came true, and father was as good as his word.

It seems that in one of his sober hours, when he saw how hard we all tried to get along without any help from him, he resolved to reform and be a good husband and father; and so, for over a week he had been laboring hard night and day, only stopping, as he said, to pass our little store and look in, every evening, until he could bring home some money to help us; and that was the roll I had seen—fifty dollars in crisp, clean bills, fresh from the bank.

We kept the store a few years longer in our possession, and then father bought the building, and rented it out, and mother and the rest of us had a nice little home, in a nice frame house near by. But last year father become foreman in the great factory, for the owner, Mr. Jackson, says he can't find any one else so faithful and efficient, and this year we are to have a beautiful Christmas tree in our new home—a handsome house presented to father by his employer and associates for a wonderful invention of his given to the factory, by means of which the labor is greatly lightened.

Mother is a lady at last—she was ever that—but I mean she dresses like one, and father says she grows handsome and young every day.

Jimmy is going to college next year, and they say he will make a fine scholar. Ned is a clerk in a large dry-goods house, and the baby is a big boy who whistles and flies kites, and races around in his boots just as Ned used to ten years ago.

Mother and I are very busy preparing for our Christmas tree. As I watch her happy face, from which the traces of care have disappeared, my mind reverts to that day on which began for us a reign of peace and good will, and in remembrance of which our hearts ascribe "Glory to God in the Highest."

An Oakland, Cal., man bought a mule for $140, and after trying for two days to put his harness on, using the second-story window as a base of operations, he finally sold him to the city authorities for $14. The city will use him to suppress riots—it estimated that to put him right end foremost at a riot, he will equal two Gatling guns.

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

Another Year.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

That this shall be a better year
Than any passed away,
I dare not at its open door
To wish, or hope, or pray.

Not that the years already gone
Were wearisome and lone;
That so with hope too long deferred
My heart has timid grown.

Nay, rather that they all have been
So sweet to me, and good,
That if for better I should ask
'Twould seem ingratitude.

And so with things far off and strange
I do not care to cope,
But look in memory's face and learn
What largest I may hope.

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.

Another year of Summer's glow
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth
And childhood's blessed ways,
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at beauty's feast
At every moment spread,
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God.

STEEPED IN BLOOD.

A Texan Murderer who has Killed Twenty-six Men.

[Correspondent St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

GALVESTON, TEXAS, November 25.—A century hence, when Texas and the vast territory of the great New West shall have acquired teeming population and a civilization approaching the European standard, the lives of such men and murderers as John Wesley Hardin will furnish the theme for enterprising novelists and ambitious writers of romance. Few in the West or Southwest but have heard of a noted desperado and assassin whose deeds of murder and blood have rendered his name notorious throughout Texas, and mark him as peculiarly suited as the type of the bona fide Texas assassin and cutthroat. True it is, however, that if the number of murders, rather than their atrocity, is to be the standard of excellence of crime, then Bill Longley—whose history was given in the "Globe-Democrat" some time since—surpasses Hardin, but he is the only Texas bandit that does so. Longley killed and murdered thirty-two men in cold blood, but Hardin boasts of but twenty-six assassinations. Therefore Longley, now under sentence of death in Galveston jail, is said to look upon his brother desperado, who occupies a cell in the Austin jail, with perfect contempt.

HARDIN'S PARENTAGE.

John Wesley Hardin, named after the great founder of Methodism, is still a young man of twenty-five, though his career in villainy and his many crimes might indicate a much older man. His father, a Methodist preacher and minister of the gospel, is still living in Comanche county, Texas, but was a resident of Liberty county or Middle Trinity at the time of the birth of the future desperate and reckless assassin. The latter had all the advantages of religious training, pious example and common school education. But he profited by none and early showed a proclivity for crime. Many years ago, and while John Wesley's parents lived in Comanche, then a frontier county, his brother, a reputed horse-thief, was hanged by a crowd of infuriated citizens, who also threatened the life of the father, who on that account had to make his escape and leave that region of country. His remaing son, too, had to get out of the way, and for some time lay concealed in the woods. From henceforth a demon seemed to enter him, and from this point in his wretched life dates his career in manifold and bloody crime. During his career, which does not extend over seven years of shooting and killing, Hardin roamed in every part of the State, generally leaving a neighborhood and section when public opinion got too hot for him. His assassinations were generally of a cowardly nature, many of them put-up jobs by the assistance of his friends, as desperate and unscrupulous as himself.

ANECDOTES OF THE DESPERADO.

On one occasion, Hardin, having to leave the paternal roof on account of some bloody deed, struck out for new pastures in a distant part of the State, where he was personally and totally unknown. Finding himself without a cent and among strangers, he was forced to hire himself out to a farmer noted for his stinginess and close-fisted transactions and the heartlessness with which he fleeced all who came within his reach. He had a little store out of which he shold shoddy goods at double prices to his employes, who were generally forced to take his goods, or get nothing for their services. Hardin labored for a time on his farm under an assumed name. At last the day came for him to leave, and he demanded a settlement. "I haf no got de monish, but I kin gif you shoost as goot. You take some goots from mine shtore."

That's no go. I have labored hard for my money, and I must have it. I need it, and don't need any goods, I believe," respectfully but firmly replied the desperado in disguise.

"But I tells you, my frient, I hev no got dat monish."

"I must have money," said the spurious "Smith."

"You must dake de goots or get nuttings!"

"I will take the money."

"You get it ef you can."

"Look here old man," said the pretended Smith, pulling a six-shooter from under his tattered coat, "I am John Wesley Hardin, and if you don't get that money in fifteen minutes I'll just shoot the top of your d——d head off."

"Oh! Mein Gott! ish dot you? I git dat monish."

Hardin got his money in considerable less time than was allotted for the task, and the farmer's incog. laborer quietly went his way.

GIVE ME YOUR MULE.

Upon another occasion, and just after the commission of one of his vilest murders, John Wesley was closely pursued by a posse of citizens in one of the counties of middle Texas. He bestrode a small "grass" pony, with a bad saddle. The animal was far spent, and his pursuers were visible on the edge of a prairie but a few miles distant, rapidly shortening the distance between themselves and him. With no better means of locomotion, capture was inevitable, with excellent prospects of dangling from a limb at the end of a halter. Fortune, however, befriended the fleeing criminal. In the middle of the prairie he met a traveler, well-dressed and riding a magnificent steed, and, what was exactly suited to Hardin's purpose, fresh and adapted to a long race. Hardin halted the man and proposed to swap horses. This the stranger declined. The desperado drew a six-shooter, and covering the traveler with the weapon, exclaimed: "I am John Wesley Hardin; will you swop now, d—n you?"

"Yes," cried the traveler, in alarm for his life, which, indeed, wasn't at that moment worth a copper, "give me your mule, or whatever it is."

"D—n your soul, you've done well."

"Here," continued the stranger, "take my horse and saddle and bridle."

Hardin mounted his new "layout," and bidding the man good-by with a laugh, he galloped away and finally made his escape.

THE CRIME FOR WHICH HE WAS CONVICTED.

The murder for which Hardin now lies convicted in the Austin jail—convicted for twenty-five years—was committed in Comanche county, on the frontier, some years ago. Captain Webb, the Sheriff of Comanche, and a good man and honorable citizen, was the unfortunate victim. It was a put-up job and Webb enticed into the toils of which he was totally ignorant. Hardin and some friends of his were standing at the door of a grog-shop in the little village of Comanche. Webb, to whom Hardin was unknown, walked up to the door. The latter asked his victim if he was Webb, Sheriff of Comanche county. The reply was in the affirmative.

"I understand you have pa[illegible]rs for me."

This Webb denied, and an altercation ensued, in which, it was charged, Webb put his hand behind him as if to draw a weapon. Hardin then whipped out his own pistol and shot the Sheriff dead. Previous to the difficulty, and when Hardin saw his victim approaching, he remarked to a friend: "Did you ever see anything work more beautifully?"

CAPTURED IN FLORIDA.

After Webb's murder, and being threatened by a mob, not the law, Hardin left Texas and went to Florida, to his relatives there, where, under an assumed name, he opened and for awhile conducted a small grocery store. A large reward had been offered, and a Chicago detective undertook to ferret him out. He also appeared as a total stranger in the neighborhood where John Wesley's father resided, opened out a little store, played merchant, got acquainted with old man Hardin, and deep down into his confidence. The consequence was the discovery of his son's whereabouts. The latter's capture followed on a Florida railroad train, but not without desperate resistance and the killing of one or two persons, including Hardin's comrade and next friend. But, notwithstanding the many horrible assassinations by this reckless and desperate ruffian, it is asserted by people from that part of the State that the Comanche jury never would have found a twenty-five years' verdict against him, had they not known that a company of determined citizens, armed to the teeth, were near the Court-room ready, in case of acquittal, to seize the desperado and swing him to the nearest suitable limb, which had been already selected. Such is one of the lawless characters that still haunt the Texas frontier, and not unfrequently disgrace the older communities of that State, whose social history has indeed been written in blood.

Gambling Extraordinary.

A little game has been played in Los Angeles of late which is an immense advance upon the primative card tactics depicted by Bret Harte in his short-card Celestial sharper. For something over a month past a heavy poker game has been going on in the card room attached to one of our popular saloons. An unprecedented run of luck had settled upon the banners of the experts who were running the game in the interest of the saloon management, or, at least, in the interests of those who controlled the card room of the saloon, A number of the most experienced card-sharps of Los Angeles set themselves to unraveling the mystery and to turning the tide of fickle fortune the other way. Still the luck stayed with the house and the confraternity were worsted to the tune of about $1500. Now a professional gambler is prepared to encounter a pretty severe run of bad luck, but here was something that put the sagacity of the oldest of them at odds. " 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange," that no outsider could, under any circumstances, win a game in that room, try they ever so hard, but so it was. At last two proficient's took possession of the apartment, ostensibly to play, and locked the doors. They at once began a diligent search of the premises and unearthed a regular system of wire telegraphy, by the aid of which a stool pigeon, who saw the cards of the outsiders and telegraphed their hands to the manipulators of the skin game. A flood of light was poured in upon the mysterious run of luck, and curses, both loud and deep, filled the modest appartment. We understand that those who have been fleeced have taken legal advice, and that every means will be tried to recover the money.

There are two ways of obtaining an important end, force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Katie's Wants.

BY EVA M. TAPPAN.

Me want Christmas tree,
  Yes, me do;
Want an orange on it,
  Lots of candy, too.

Want some new dishes,
  Want a red pail,
Want a rocking horse
  With a very long tail.

Want a little watch
  That says, "Tick, tick!"
Want a new dolly,
  'Cause Victoria's sick.

Want so many things
  Don't know what to do;
Want a little sister,
  Little brother, too.

Won't you buy 'em, mamma?
  Tell me why you wont?
Want to go to bed?
  No, me don't.

—*Providence Journal.*

CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH COURTS.

Impostures more successful in their objects, if not more famous than the Tichborne case, were being practiced in England during the period when the most interminable trial of Orton, the Wapping butcher, was going on. From several singular cases which we propose to recount, it would appear that superstition and credulity are not less rife among English than among French rustics, and that the latter, in crediting the miracles of our Lady of Lourdes and of the footless girl, are rivaled by the British yeomanry who become the victims of quacks and witchery.

In the diary of the same Orton, otherwise Tichborne, of whom we have spoken, was found a somewhat remarkable maxim, a child, no doubt, of the burly claimant's own brain. It was as follows, couched in rude but pregnant language: "Some has plenty money no brains; some has plenty brains no money; i think them as has plenty money no brains vas made for them as has plenty brains no money."

It was a principle upon which this great man himself dilligently acted, and which all impostors, before and after him, carry out. Knavery dupes credulity the world over; nor does the constant exposure of the one have the least effect on opening the eyes of and curing the other.

A curious drama of the knave versus fool sort, was enacted at the pleasant seaside town of Hull, England, not long ago.

Mr. Henry Jackson, a person of imposing presence and glittering eye, had served in the British army, and had, after leaving it, held the dignity of drum major in the Hull Rifle Votunteers. But he had wearied of war and mock war, and had made up his mind that his true mission was rather to cure than create physical ills in man. So he had retired from the drum-majorship, had fitted up a sombre and mysterious looking apartment, and had announced to ailing humanity that, by strange gifts and stranger medicaments, he was ready to assuage its pains and forever banish its imperfections. Mr. Henry Jackson was in the height of success and reputation when a lusty young farmer, who was for the moment out of health, hearing of the great healer's wonderful cures, repaired to him in all child-like confidence.

This rural gentleman, however, after passing through an amazing variety of treatment, and spending to no purpose, several hundred pounds, at last awoke to the truth, and had Mr. Henry Jackson indicted at Borough Sessions for obtaining money on false pretenses.

The tale unfolded by the duped Dickett, the treatment he underwent, the wonderful medicines he partook of, the golden promises made to him, were a revelation.

"Professor" Jackson had first told him to blow through a tube into a glass of water, whereupon the water turned immediately like milk. The professor seized the rustic by the arm, and conjured him to lose no time in saying his prayers, for he would not live over two months. Then began the selling of innumerable bottles of "Indian remedy," which gradually made the water turn less milky. Yet poor Dickett was far from being cured, and had yet a hard medicinal road to travel. First he bought a box of stuff said to have come from India, for which he paid three pounds ten, with five shillings extra for expressage from Calcutta. Then he was told by the professor that the great Indian balsam merchant of whom he had obtained his medicines had just died, at the good age of one hundred and seventy, and that he (the professor) had been lucky enough to obtain the manna and balsams of the aged patriarch. The manna, Dickett was assured, was that which the Israelites used in the wilderness, and that very little of it would keep a person alive many days. For a box of this Dickett gladly paid fifty-one pounds. An analysis having been made of this costly and biblical food, it was found to consist of about six pennyworth's of citrate of magnesia; the "elixir of life" turned out to be simply so much colored water, while the precious ointment was composed of ordinary butter!

The curious remedies and imposing presence of Mr. Henry Jackson, irresistably remind us of other and less prosaic days when the dispensers of wonderful Oriental balsams were wont to ply their mystic professions undisturbed by the minions of the law. There are old persons still living who can remember a quaint old fellow, who called himself the "County Palatine," who used to harangue the crowd eloquently from a box in Convent-Garden Market, with a negro servant arrayed in gorgeous livery by his side, standing ready to hand him the balsams and elixirs, which were eagerly demanded by his credulous auditors. The fame of the celebrated Joseph Balsamo, immortalized in the history of the "Diamond Necklace,' and as Cagliostro in Dumas' "Diary of a Physician,' is not yet dim. He had gloomy rooms in Knightsbridge, and there dispensed to thousands of the Mayfair fashionables "the Egyptian pill of life.' It is curious that Balsamo, who plied his trade undisturbed in London, was arrested in Rome, not as a quack, but for spirit-rapping.

An imposture of a more romantic sort was recently exposed in one of the London courts. The perpetrator was an elderly gentleman, aged seventy-five, with glossy white hair and trim side-whiskers, a very noble and patrician air, dressed with the nicest precision, and with a courtly manner which almost compelled respct. He claimed aristocracy of birth, and although he had several aliases, they were high sounding ones. His name mihgt be Seymour, or it might be Cavendish; justice might take its choice. This prepossessing personage was charged with inveigling foolish young women into matrimony, and swindling them out of whatever money and jewelry of theirs he could lay his hands on. Never was a more remarkable career of imposture and pretense betrayed in a court of justice than that of Mr. Seymour, alias Cavendish. He was, in truth a very old fox indeed; but, as the English adage has it, "the old fox gets fat upon geese, but he comes to the skinner at last;" and the venerable swindler of no less than fifty-six years found a limit to his "fourberries" at last within the walls of Dartmoor Prison.

It transpired that this patrician-looking person was convicted of fraud in France as long ago as the year 1819, when Louis XVIII was reigning, and but a short four years after Waterloo. He seems to have carried on his operations indiscriminately in all countries; for nine years after he was sentenced to ten years penal servitude in Brabant. While residing in Belgium, where he had managed to procure the professorship of languages in a Jesuit college, a demand for his extradition came from France, and he was sentenced to fifteen years more. But the assurance of the accomplished villain stood him in good stead; and, after being securely lodged in a French jail, he induced the jailor to believe that he was the Duke of Devonshire, and bribed him to let him escape from prison in a woman's attire. His principal offenses seem to have been swindling under high-sounding names, varied by an occasional marriage, which he affected with charming indifference to the fact that he was very much married already. At one time he gave himself out as the son of the Duke of Wellington; and here and there he represented himself as the scion of divers noble families. Twice within the past five years he has been convicted in Belgium, once for swindling and once for defrauding the proprietor of a Brussels hotel by forged letters of credit.

His latest exploit was of a piece with the rest, only rather more flavored by romance; although, for the matter of that, his whole career has been a long romance of craft and crime. It appears that one Anne Elizabeth Pugg advertized, very innocently, for a situation as a lady's companion. To this advertisement Mr. Henry Seymour rendered a quick response. He was a gentleman, he said, of wealth and aristocratic family, and desirous of engaging a housekeeper to preside over his rural villa in Italy. The confiding Miss Pugg easily swallowed the bait. It was so much better an offer than she had hoped for! She could live in ease, and on a good salary, beneath the sunny skies and in the balmy breezes of the fair southern land! She met Mr. Seymour and was delighted with him. He was so gracious, so patrician! The old rascal lavished all his arts upon the trustful young woman; and anon began to touch upon the tenderest of subjects. Miss Pugg was comely, and knew it; after all Mr. Seymour had good taste, and was so delightful, so irresistible an old gentleman! He told her that he could lay a splendid fortune at her feet, and that, as he would not probably live long, at his death she might make a marriage with a younger man, and have all his wealth to enjoy with her second spouse. With Miss Pugg's maiden aunt he was not less successful. He was prodigal of his blandishments on this lady, and begged her to be the trustee of the magnificent settlement he intended to make upon her niece. He handed her a package of papers, purporting to be trust deeds; they were afterward examined, and found to be a bundle of old copies of the London "Times.' After a month's brief and ardent courtship, Anne Elizabeth promised to be his, and soon after they were married, the happy bridegroom signing himself on the register as "Richard Henry Conway Seymour.'

But poor Miss Pugg's bliss was not long lasting. In the early days of the honeymoon the large fortune vanished into air. Then the bridegroom began to spend the slender earnings which the confiding bride had intrusted him to keep for her. He treated her kindly, however, and never came home tipsy; and she delighted in his erudite and polished conversation. The poor woman would, perhaps, have clung to him to this day had it not been that, one bright morning, he was rather earnestly called for by the police. He had been at some of his old swindling tricks, and was captured before Anne Elizabeth's own eyes. Then the horrible truth came out that he had another wife, and that there was some reason to believe that there was an indefinite number of Mrs. Seymours scattered about the globe. At least it was proved that he was married at Southampton in 1861, to one Alethea Thomas, which Alethea was still alive, and mourning her faithless lord.

Such a character as this is certainly worthy of being called, as Coleridge says, "a psychological study." He was evidently a man of liberal education and fine social accomplishments. He had a clear head and active intellect, capable of cunningly combining intricate schemes and carrying them out with cool precision and skill. Of the ordinary vices of the adventurous villain he seems to have been quite free. He never ate or drank to excess; was not, as far as could be learned, an "habitue' of Baden or Monaco, or of any other of the great gambling centres; his language was always scrupulously proper and elegant; his attire faultless; his manners were at once gracious and dignified. He seems to have pursued a career of conscienceless fraud for a period of nearly sixty years, for the mere love of mischief; and at threescore and fifteen, found delight in duping a young woman for the sake of the few pounds she had been able to collect by hard and honest labor. Were he to write, as he could do with ability, his adventures during that long half century what a tale it would be.—[Appleton's Journal.

A dispatch was lately received by the New York Bank from officials of a prominent Western city, requesting the temporary loan of $100,000, to be secured by revenue bonds, in anticipation of receipts from taxes. The answer returned was, "We refuse to make any loans of currency pending the agitation over the Silver bill. We will make loans in gold at six per cent."

A Bearded Woman.

In the early part of July, Mr. Jesse Hinks, a farmer on Main street, near the Brewer Brick Company works, in Brewer, was called upon by a good-looking young man who desired to assist in haying. Mr. Hinks engaged the person, and Charles Works, as he gave his name, commenced to do all the work of a common laborer on the farm. Haying was in operation, and he took hold with readiness, and was a thorough and efficient farm hand. After remaining with Mr. Hinks till the busy season was over, about a month, and, being out of work, he went to Orrington, where he engaged board with Mr. Lewis Bolton, about a mile below Orrington Corner. He remained there some little time, and about the first week in September was taken sick.

Several physicians were called at different times during the sickness, and in two or three weeks the sick person was up and around all right. He told the doctors who had been to the trouble of visiting him that he had a brother, a physician in Aroostook county, who owed him some $300. He had a friend in Bangor, however, who would settle the bill. The gentleman, when seen, told them something that let a strange light on the affair. The aforesaid Charles Works, although the semblance of a man, was, in reality, a woman. This soon spread, and the person of whom a feminine pronoun must now be used, soon found herself the subject of a deal of gossip. The surprise was very great, and many could not believe the report, but various suspicious things were taken into account, and last week it became a settled fact that she was a woman, and she acknowledged it after some time. She had, however, succeeded in disguising herself perfectly, and none mistrusted that she was other than a man. She wore men's clothing and assumed most of the habits of young men. She smoked and chewed with the rest of them, and Manley Rankin, the wielder of the shears in Brewer, has shaved her several times. She has been around with the boys most of the time, and spent one week on the blue berry plains with them. On all these occasions no incident occurred which would lead anyone to suppose that she was other than her dress indicated.

She is spoken of as a person of a free, open countenance, possessing by no means coarse or masculine features, and is of dark complexion, wearing her hair, which is curly, cut close. Nothing but down grew on her face, but since being shaved the skin has become rough and the growth of hair encouraged. She has been in company considerably during the season, and has seemed to be much inclined to flirt with the girls, thus inducing the jealousy of some young fellows.

The reason given by her for her strange conduct is that her mother, who, according to the girl's report, lives in Dixmont, told her, as her father was dead, they would have to look to her for support, and thinking she could get better wages by assuming the garb of a man she did so. She is about twenty years of age, stout and strong, and as a farm laborer gave good satisfaction to her employer. Saturday night she left Orrington without telling where she was going. —[*Bangor, (Me.) Commercial.*

The Black Jack Mine.

The Bonanza of Florida Mountain.

Florida Mountain prospects are still of the most cheering character, and the Black Jack ledge is developing into an immense and wonderful bonanza. The shaft has been snnk to the depth of a little more than one hundred feet, and as it gets deeper the gold becomes more abundant in the pay streak The ledge is growing stronger as the work progresses, and the vein is steadily improving. There never was a mine opened up anywhere in Owyhee that seems to have such promising prospects as the Black Jack. It looks as if there was a mine in that vicinity at last that would be instrumental in bringing this section of the country to the front again, and we wouldn't be surprised if it would surpass the Golden Chariot in its most palmy and productive times. Two of the mills in camp are now running on Black Jack rock, and it is said that negotations are pending for the purchase of the Elmore mill. Several teams are engaged in hauling quartz to the mill, a good deal of which will yield up into the hundreds. The force of workmen will be largely increased at the mine soon, which, with the prospects of better hauling, will enable the owners before mid-winter to set every mill in camp at work crushing.

Governor Williams reproved some ladies who called upon him for Christmas donations for the poor, because they wore fine clothes. That reminds us of the church deacon who sings "On Jordan's Stormy Banks" so loudly that he cannot hear the stealthy tread of he who bears the contribution box.

The New York *Tribune* says: "A patent fact in the present political situation is that the Republican party is not only stronger to-day than at any time since the inauguration of President Hayes, but stronger than its most sanguine friends could have hoped six months ago."

The Miser.

Why so charry of a kiss?
Think you, pretty maid, to miss
From a rose-encircled door,
One sweet truant less or more?
Foolish miser, not to know
Where one is plucked two others grow!
Riches come not but by spending;
Profit waits upon wise lending.
Yet how canst thou miser be
When Nature wastes its wealth on thee?
How can lips with honey stored
Thievish almoners, grudge their hoard,
Love's no painted butterfly,
Wandering forgetfully,
Nor misty humming bird to kill
Flowers that load its wanton bill,
But secret thrifty bee that knows
To bless the source whence bounty flows.
Frolic, maiden, fair and young,
Why youth's beauty dost thou wrong?
Time soon teaches youth to fly,
Youth too apt its wings to try.
Think you, when fond youth is gone,
Beauty lingers long alone?
Easy is it to be nice,
Hard the struggle to be wise.
Prudent maiden, ah, remember,
Kisses grow not in December.
Grant me beauty, then just one,
Ere yon cloud unchains the sun,
Look, who knows if it were done?

A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," said James Donahue, the night watchman of the Central Park Museum. "On Tuesday, Zip, one of Barnum's monkeys, fell suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief. Superintendent Conklin examined him, and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him, and left warm milk by his side."

Mr. Donahue meditated briefly, as though picturing the scene in his mind, and then said: "Yes, in all my experience as a night watchman among beasts, I never saw such a thing in my life. At 11 o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all awake, sitting silent and moveless, watching Zip's dying agonies. Zip lay in a corner, sobbing and moaning. Jack had Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and wet Zip's lips. Wasn't that strange?

The reporter assented.

"But there's a stranger thing about it, yet," Mr. Donahue continued; "at midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly, and Barnum's man say they never saw the like of. As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack, he gave a low squeal, and Pete sprang to his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on his breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then uttered a shrill squeal. Jack, in answer, dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised him in his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and, as Zip did not move, sprung to the uppermost perch. Wasn't that queer?"

The reporter assented.

"Then sir," continued Mr. Donahue, "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the Park. The monkeys set up the most piercing screams. The baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered and pointed to poor Zip. Finally Pete and Jake, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage. They were all silent now; moved very slow, and in form ef a circle they gradually came nearer and nearer. Then hugging close they stopped. All the time till day-break they remained close to the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one, for earnestness and sympathy."

After a pause, Mr. Donahue said, "He'll be stuffed."

"Who?" the reporter asked.

"Zip, of course," was the reply. —[New York Sun.

THE POPULATION OF EGYPT.—Napoleon estimated that the population of Egypt proper in 1790 was only one-fourth of what it had been in ancient times. Lane, in his Modern Egyptians, give the ancient population at 6,000,000 or 7,000,000, and quotes Diodorus Siculus to the effect that it was 7,000,000 in the times of the ancient Kings, and not less than 3,000,000 in his own day. Lane estimated that the whole population of Egypt proper in 1835 as not more than 2,500,000; he was of the opinion that the products of the soil, if nothing was exported, would suffice for a population of 4,000,000—and if all soil fit for cultivation was sown, for 8,000,000. The above estimates probably referred only to what is now called Lower Egypt, for the population of Egypt proper is now estimated at more than 5,000,000

The Vallejo Savings Bank, which suspended over a year ago, will resume business January 1st.

English Etiquette.

It is said that when General Grant was in London recently, and went to dinner at the Prince of Wales', he was obliged to go out to the table behind the titled nobility. English etiquette, it is declared, requires that an untitled foreigner, however eminent, should give precedence, as it is called, to Englishmen of rank.

Whether this is true or not, it is certain that etiquette is carried to a great extreme in England, as in other European countries. The structure of society is such that men and women of rank think it of importance that they should be formally honored wherever they may be, not only before those who are without rank but those persons who hold a rank inferior to their own.

This etiquette runs through nearly all phases and even nearly all grades of English society; in the private mansion, in receptions at court, in the army and navy, in official and diplomatic circles, and also to some extent among the mercantile and middle classes.

At a dinner-party, for instance, the hostess on repairing to the table always claims the arm of the guest highest in rank present. A member of the royal family always comes first; then a Duke, a Marquis, an Earl and so on. The rest of the guests go out in the order of their rank, the one of the lowest rank going out last.

This rigid rule is, however, sometimes relaxed in favor of a guest in whose special honor the dinner may be given. In such cases the hostess leads this guest out, even before persons of a higher rank than himself; and, however it may have been at the Prince of Wales', it is probable that Gen. Grant was usually accorded this honor when he went as the guest of an English house.

There is an official table which decides the precedence of each of the Royal family, the nobility and the great officers of State; and this table determines how the company shall be placed on all public occasions, and in what order they shall walk or drive in processions and stage peageants.

According to this "table of precedence," the Sovereign comes first; then all her sons in order of birth; then all her daughters in the same order; then her grand-children in the same order; finally her uncles, aunts and cousins. After the royal family the Archbishop of Canterbury holds the highest rank of precedence; then the Lord High Chancellor; then the Archbishop of York; then Dukes; then Marquises, and so on. Etiquette enjoins many formal customs on the guest. It requires, for example, that no one shall sit in presence of the Queen while she is standing, or remain covered where she is. There is only one exception to the latter rule. There is an Irish Lord, who, because of some deed of an ancestor calling forth royal gratitude, inherits the privilege to keep his hat on in presence of royalty.

No one, also must address the Queen until she speaks to him or her first.

A lady of rank who goes shopping in London will never allow herself to be seen carrying a parcel from the shop to the carriage. This is always done by the shop keeper, who crosses the pavement, head bare, and deposits the parcel. No lady of rank carries her prayer-book to church. Her footman goes before her with it, and opens and closes the pew door.

These are but examples of minute things in which etiquette imposes its law. A breach of any of the rules of etiquette, a forgetfulness what to wear or how to act at the proper moment is regarded by English society as a very grave offense.

So despotic are the laws of etiquette in high European society that often the peace of Nations has been imperiled by a neglect to treat a Prince, a nobleman or an Ambassador with the required formality. There was serious trouble in the English royal family when the Duchess of Edinburg, the daughter of the Czar, went to live among them, and insisted on "taking precedence" of the Princess of Wales. According to the English rule of etiquette she was obliged not to do so; but she insisted that the daughter of a Russian Emperor ought to walk before the daughter of the King of Denmark.

An amusing story is told of a certain King of Spain, who was one day discovered by somebody to be on fire. This somebody had no right to touch the King. So he hastened to the chamberlain, and the chamberlain to the marshal, and the marshal to the stewart, and the stewart to the groom of the bedchamber, whose duty it was to take care of the royal person. While these formalities of etiquette were being gone through with, however, the poor King burned up.–*Youth's Companion.*

BOGARDUS TO ECLIPSE PREVIOUS FEATS.—New York Dec. 23.—On Jan. 3d, Captain A. S. Bogardus, champion wing shot of the world, will essay the task of breaking 5,000 glass balls in 500 consecutive minutes at Gilmore's Garden. This will be a marvelous display of skill and endurance. There is $2,500 staked on the result.

The rector of the Episcopal Church at Corpus Christi, Texas, opened the Bible a few Sundays ago in his pulpit, and much to the suprise of the congregation, a euchre hand tumbled out.

History of Life.

Professor Gunning gave his second lecture night before last to a fair house at the Methodist Church. After a few prefatory remarks he rapidly traced animal life from the Lawrentian rocks of Canada to the limbstone formation now going on in Florida. It was held by geologists ten years ago that during what they term the Azoic period there was no form of life. More recent investigation proves, however, that in the earlies rocks appear the fossilized remains of a very low type of animal life called "The Life Dawn." The speaker clearly described this peculiar non-membered animal and calculated from the probable time of the formation of these rocks primeval that it had existed 400,000,000 years. In the early Sulurian rocks we find a higher but yet unbrained animal life. In this red sandstone this life existed for 40,000,000 years. Later in the Devonian we find still higher and more varied life. Fish are abundant and reptiles make their appearance, but in the Carboniferous period animals of prodigious size and vast in numbers fill the waters, cover the land and cloud the air. Vegetable and animal life exist in profusion. He gave a description of some of those huge lizzards, reptilian birds and fish a la Batracian. It was then that along the large inland seas and rivers, that beside each other walked the solemn plesiosaurus, and on less romantic life fed the festive Ichthyoyosamus, while above flew and circled the cheerful Pterodactyl. We have not the space to follow the lecturer through the various succeeding ages, nor can we by a meagre outline of his lecture, give that report of it which would prove of interest to the reader. Step by step, he passed in review those grand outlines of evoluted life, showing the changes in climate; illustrating the erosive action of atmospheric agency; sailed down wide shallow rivers, and led his rapt listeners into the solemn but imposing stillness of antiquated caves and vividly pictured to us primeval man and his associate troglodytes- On our globe and in the Oceanic islands we find rude life. All over old earth we find traces of age and youth in animal and plant life, but man, while himself bearing the impress of age in his language, customs and dress, stands, by his mental prowess, the peer of all else save the Author of all. Matchless he stands, immortal he lives. The elements are at his command. The deep sea is open for his inspection. The lightning bears his message and the spheres chant music to his soul.

NEEDS HANGING.—The Virginia *Chronicle* is informed that while the west bound passenger train was standing at the Reno depot last Sunday night, some scoundrel cut the hose of the air brakes. The mischief was discovered as the train left the yard, when the damage was repaired at once. When the lightning train to Virginia was got ready to leave the next morning the same kind of mischief was found to have been done to its air brakes. The perpetrator has not yet been discovered. The railroad companies are considering the advisability of offering a reward for his arrest.

CORRECTION.—A report was current on the street Wednesday that the Creal furnace had been tested in a small way. The same was untrue. The furnace is still drying and no ore will be passed through it until the process is completed.

The civil case of Perry vs. Avery yesterday claimed the attention of Justice Richardson and a jury of able-bodied men. Action was brought by the plaintiff to recover possession of a watch under attachment.

LIBRARY.—We inform those who are anxious about the Reno Library that it is in good quarters at Doctor Hogan's office on Second street, where any member can go and enjoy its privileges.

M. W. Hitchcock, of the Arlington Avenue Nurseries, is in Winnemucca on his way to Paradise Valley. The *Silver State* recommends his wares.

Messrs. Hammond & Wilson have just received from Boston a very fine sleigh. Now let the clerk bring on his snow and ice.

The weather is glorious but the times are dull and the holidays drag. Oh, for a rise in stocks or a copious shower of ten-cent pieces.

Anti-Chinese.

The farmers of Big meadows have resolved against the Chinese as follows and the *Silver State* publishes:

WHEREAS, It is our opinion that the time has arrived when it has become the duty of every American citizen to discountenance the presence of the Chinese amongst us, and to give his aid and sympathy to the party who favors his expulsion from the country, and who will labor to procure protection for the laboring and producing classes; therefore

Resolved, That we, the business men of Big Meadows give our aid and sympathy to the labor and anti-Chinese party of the Pacific coast.

Resolved, That we, with a view to benefit the interests of the country at large, and this community in particular ,and to aid in the permanent removal of the Chinaaen from our coast, shall not employ any of them to do any work at any price.

Resolved, That we so far forget old party ties and prejudices, as to unite and stand firmly together upon all matters affecting the interests of the white laborer and the general prosperity of the nation.

Resolved, That our patronage shall be withheld in every way, and at all times, from dealers, merchants and others who may continue to employ Chinamen, or to keep them around, or to countenance them in any way.

Cornucopia Notes.

A correspondent writes from Cornucopia that several merchants have sold out or removed their good to Tuscarora. Among those who have concluded to remain are Greenbaum & Co., who, through E. Reinhart & Co., are receiving a large stock of goods by way of Winnemucca, and are laying in a Winter supply of Humboldt flour, and L. I. Hoyle and A. D. Meacham.

A vein of good ore three feet thick has been developed in the Hussey.

The Leopard is being opened on the 600 foot level, and the prospect of striking a good vein is said to be favorable. Water has interfered somewhat with the development of the mine, but that is now under control. There is said to be ore enough is sight in the Leopard and Hussey to run a 20-stamp mill for two years, at a profit to the companies.

The Panther is also looking well and is considered as good as either of the mines mentioned.

Some new mines have been discovered in this vicinity recently, but nothing is yet known relative to their value.

FATAL RAILROAD COLLISION.—A Cheyenne dispatch of Dec. 26th, says: Express train No. 4 and freight train No. 7 collided one mile east of this city at 4 o'clock this afternoon. A dense fog prevailed at the time and neither saw the other approach until they were within 100 yards of each other, when engineer Weeks of the express discovered the freight train approaching. He at once reversed his engine and applied the air brakes, when he and his fireman jumped, the fireman receiving no injury, while Weeks escaped with a dislocated ankle. On the freight engine were Michael Maguire, engineer, and Michael Callahan, fireman, the latter of whom was killed instantly, and the legs of the former cut off, his death occurring two hours later. Conductor Curtis of the freight train was on the engine and jumped, saving his life. The trains were neither moving at more than ten miles per hour. The engine of the freight was driven entirely through the first freight car and badly wrecked. The passenger engine was less damaged and the train behind the first baggage car was very little injured. The express messenger was thrown from one end of the car to the other, but not injured. The responsibility for the accident rests on the dispatcher, Mr. Langdon.

PARTY MATTERS.—The *Spirit of the Times* is not entirely pleased with political matters as they stand, as may be seen from the following extract clipped from a double-leaded editorial:

We are becoming disgusted, however, with the manner in which matters are managed in the Republican party, and there must be a change. * * * The Republicans have come to the conclusion that a little less imperious dictation from self-assumed leaders and a little more consultation among the "rank and file," will be greatly beneficial to the organization. Leadership in the Republican party, and particularly by the drones, has brought it to the condition which now characterizes it; leadership based upon personal ambition, aggrandizement and self interest throughout. The party is tired of it and will no longer tolerate it."

The bonanza miners were not granted a holiday on Christmas.

A Russian official dispatch states that the Steamer Russland, commanded by Adjutant Baronaff, has returned to Sebastopol from a cruise in the Bosphorus, bringing as a prize the Turkish transport steamer Messina, with 700 Turkish troops on board.

The whaling season has just commenced in Monterey, but they have not caught but one. We know of other places were the whaling season ought to have commenced long ago.

The huge granite monolith which supports the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, Russia, was rolled from Finland on cannon balls.

The Sacramento *Bee* comes out in a handsome holiday paper; double sheet illustrated. Bright and readible is the *Bee*.

Twenty-three persons were dangerously poisoned at Whitehaven, Pa,, by eating liver pudding which had been boiled in copper kettles.

Matt Parrott, the gunsmith, has just received a number of fine guns and pistols of the latest patterns.

Georgians ridicule the statement that the new party movement is a result of Hayes' policy.

The French Government has requested Don Carlos to leave France and he has started for the frontier.

☞The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best Photographs in the United States, and the Vienna Medal for the best in the world.
429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

One Cake of Leef's California Yeast will make over ten loaves of Bread.

MARRIED.

PHILLIPS—CLARKE—In Sacramento, December 25th, by the Rev. H. H. Rice, W. D. Phillips to Miss Jennie Clarke, both of Reno.

THOMPSON—HALLER—In Verdi, December 24th, James Thompson, of Wadsworth, to Miss Annie Haller, of Verdi.

JORDAN—FOLEY—In Reno, December 24th, by Father Pettit, Carl Jordan to Miss Katie J. Foley, both of Steamboat.

JACOB PRESCOTT'S

Holiday

PROCLAMATION

Christmas, 1877.

New Years, 1878.

HAVING DEFERRED OUR PURCHASES of Fall and Winter goods till late in the season, we were enabled to take advantage of the dullness in the market, and have laid in the

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED

Stock of Goods

WHICH WE EVER BROUGHT TO RENO.

These goods, offered to the

HOLIDAY TRADE

AT

Extraordinarily Low Prices,

CONSIST IN PART AS FOLLOWS:

Ladies'

BASKET AND BEAVER CLOAKS,

Dress Goods,
Domestics,
Flannels,
Sheeting,
Table Linen,
Napkins,
Towels,
Nottingham Lace,
and Wall Paper.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF

Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

And a large variety of

FANCY GOODS

Suitable for the Holidays.

☞The ladies of Reno and vicinity will do well to call upon me before making their purchases.

12-19tf J. PRESCOTT.

LOT FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE LOT is offered for sale in block J, Hatch's southeast addition. Size of lot 55x294. Water for irrigation purposes goes with the lot. Terms cash down or by installments. Apply at this office, or to Mrs. H. Anderson, on Plaza street

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Cohn & Isaacs,

BRANCH WHITE HOUSE,

No. 19, Commercial Row, Reno

HAVE JUST UNPACKED

A LARGE STOCK

OF THE

FINEST

AND

Most Fashionable

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

EVER OFFERED

In this City or on the Coast.

A FULL LINE OF

ENGLISH BELFAST ULSTERS,

Chinchilla,
Beaver, and
Diagonal

OVERCOATS,

AND BUSINESS SUITS.

Medicated and Shrunk

FLANNEL UNDERWEAR,

All Sizes and Colors.

Genuine Jouvin Kid Gloves.

DERBY RIBBED AND SCOTCH WOOL UNDERWEAR.

Boys and Children's Garments and Overcoats.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE HATS

IN THE CITY.

We will sell all these goods at such price as will astonish the closest buyer.

COHN & ISAACS,

No. 19, Commercial Row, next to the Postoffice

HATS & CAPS

—AT—

JNO. SUNDERLAND'S

29 Virginia Street.

A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED stock of

Hats and Caps,

Just Purchased in the East

COMPRISING THE

Very Latest Styles

AND OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

DRESS SILK HATS

Made to Order.

MY STOCK IS

FULL AND WELL SELECTED

And I will sell at prices lower than the same

Can be bought in San Francisco.

Call and Examine these Goods.

JOHN SUNDERLAND.

Reno, October 11, 1877-tf

WATCHES!! JEWELRY!!

ROMAINE GOLD,

SO EXTENSIVELY WORN IN PARIS, was first discovered in 1870, by the celebrated French chemist, Mons. D. Be Dainge, who manufactured it into jewelry, and for five years sold it to the leading jewelers of Paris for Solid Gold. In 1875, when his secret became known, ten of the manufacturing jewelers established a stock company, with a capital of $10,000,000 for the purpose of manufacturing Romaine Gold Jewelry and Watches. With this immense capital and the aid of improved machinery, they are enabled to produce all the latest patterns of jewelry at less than one-tenth the cost of solid gold, and of a quality and color which makes it impossible even for experts to detect it from the genuine.

We have secured the exclusive agency of the United States and Canada, for the sale of all goods manufactured from this metal, and in order to introduce them in the most speedy manner, have put up assorted sample lots as given below, which we will sell **at one-tenth the retail value until January 1st, 1878.** Read the list.

50 Cent. Lot.

One Gent's Watch Chain, retail price....	$1 00
One pair engraved sleeve buttons, retail price...	75
One Stone-set Scarf Pin, retail price....	75
One set (3) spiral Shirt Studs, " "	75
One improved shape Collar Button, retail price.....	50
One Heavy Plain Wedding Ring, retail price......	1 25
Total..........	$5 00

For 50 cents we will send above six articles postpaid.

$1 00 Lot.

One pair Sleeve Buttons, stone setting.
One set (3) spiral Shirt Studs.
One heavy band Engagement Ring.
One set (2) Engraved Bracelets.
One Ladies' Long Guard or Neck Ohain.
One Engraved Miniature Locket for the above
One Gents' Heavy Link Watch Chain.
One Lake George Diamond Stud.

$2 00 Lot.

One Ladies' Neck Chain and Charm.
One Ladies' Heavy Guard Chain for Watch.
One set Pin and Ear Rings, Amethyst.
One extra fine Miniature Locket.
One Cameo Seal Ring.
One very heavy wedding or engagement Ring.
One Gent's heavy Watch Chain with Charm.
One pair Pearl Inlaid Sleeve Buttons.
One Lake George Cluster Pin.
One pair (2) heavy band Bracelets.

$3 00 Lot.

One Ladies' Opera Guard Chain.
One Ladies' Neck Chain and Cross.
One beautiful Locket. (engraved).
One pair Band Bracelets.
One Gent's Twist Link Vest Chain and Charm
One pair Onyx Sleeve Buttons.
One set (3) Onyx Shirt Studs.
One new improved Collar Button.
One extra cut Cameo Seal Ring.
One Arizona Solitaire Stud.
One set Amethyst or Topaz Pin and Ear Drops
One Ladies' Chemise Button.
One Plain Ring, stamped 18 K.

$5 00 Lot.

One Ladies' Opera Chain, with slide and tassel, (retail price, $5 00.)
One Gent's heavy Watch Chain, with curb charm, (retail price, $5.)
One Ladies' heavy long Neck Chain.
One elegant Chased Miniature Locket, for the above
One set Cameo Medallion Pin and Ear Drops.
Ohe pair (2) heavy Chased Band Bracelets.
One Gent's Solitaire Diamond Stud.
One Gent's Cluster Diamond Pin.
One pair Amethyst or Onyx Sleeve Buttons.
One set studs (3) to match the above.
One elegant heavy set Cameo Seal Ring.
One Massive Band or Wedding Ring.
One new "patent" Collar Button.
One Ladies' Chemise Button.
One Amethyst or Topaz Ring, (extra finish).

The retail price of the articles in each sample lot amounts to exactly ten times the price we ask for the lot; for example, our $1 00 lot retails for $10 00; our $5 00 lot for $50 00.

A Solid Romaine Gold Hunting Case Watch Free.

To any one sending us an order for the above lots by express to the amount of $15 00, we will send FREE one Solid Romaine Gold Hunting Case Watch, Gents' or Ladies' size, warranted to keep perfect time and look equally as well as a $100 00 gold watch. By mail postpaid, $15 50. This is our best offer to AGENTS, and is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from $20 00 to $50 00. Gents' or Ladies' watch alone. $7 00 or $8 00, with a Heavy Gent's Gold Pattern Vest Chain and Charm, or Ladies' Opera Chain with slide and tassel.

REMEMBER:—This offer only holds good until January 1st, 1878. After that time we shall sell only to Jobbers and Wholesale dealers, and anyone wishing our goods will then have to pay full retail prices.

Romaine Gold is the best, and, in fact, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and al our goods are made in the latest gold patterns. Will guarantee satisfaction in every instance or refund money.

Send money by P. O. Money Order, or Registered letter, AT OUR RISK. No goods sent C. O. D. unless at least $5 00 accompanies the order. Address plainly,

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Sole Agts. for U. S. and Canada
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RENO SAVINGS BANK.

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Provisions,
Hardware,
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Tinware,
Crockery,
Liquors and Tobacco,

And everything that is usually kept in a First Class Store.

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Of all Descriptions

JOHN CAHLAN.
MANAGER.

Reno, April 14, 1877-tf

RENC WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,

PROPRIETORS.

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Six months	2 50
Three months	1 50

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AGENTS:

GEO. M. MOTT, is our only authorized Agent at Sacramento. He is empowered to make contracts, collect and receipt for all advertisements from that place, published in the Daily or Weekly GAZETTE.

L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is duly authorized to act as our agent in San Francisco.

Friday, December 28th, 1877.

The Merry Christmas-Tide.

We have always delighted in the thoughts of the Christmas season, the chimes seem merrier at that time than at others, friendly voices are sweeter music, and even the staid church bells, calling to the Christmas tree, are noisy with the joyful tidings of "peace and good will to earth." It pleases us to think that on Tuesday the world did go merry-making; that the love and charity which is in man received fresh renewal and consecration; that the ties which make men love and cherish were strengthened and multiplied. It pleases us to think that men and women have cherished these kindly traditions since first the "Yule Feast" was observed and the "Yule log" burned on Christmas Eve. We have a genuine reverence for good Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus, at whose coming little hearts are all aglow with happiness and anticipation of pleasure. It is a pleasant thought that millions of little stockings were hung up Monday night, because we know that millions of kind fathers and mothers had filled them with the notions and goodies which only come with Santa Claus.

Yes, surely, this Christmas-tide is full of goodness—there's melody in every laugh, sunshine in each smile, and charity in all hearts. One may see the Englishman quaffing the nut-brown beverage from his wassail-bowl and singing joyfully,

"The merry bowle,
The merry brown bowle,
As it goes round about-a
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill all out-a."

And his honest enthusiasm seems an inspiration from the spirit of good fellowship. He may visit Italy and there see the immortal works of genius in art commemorating the holy Christmas birth. In fair Venice he will notice the statues of angels, the faces of Madonnas which have looked down upon numberless Christmas Eves since master hands created them. And as the happy people pass and repass the joyful Christmas anthem fills the Cathedral of St. Mark, and the golden angel upon San Giorgio seems to reflect to earth the peaceful light of good will to all. In Germany and Scandanavia the visitor might witness the same troupes of happy ones, hear the same cheery Christmas carols in verse and music, and sit 'neath the beautiful Christmas tree, where cheerful lights reveal in each case the home circle and its friends dancing merrily to the burden,

"Now is Christmas come,
And Christmas time will last till Easter."

In our own fair land the pride of home and friends never is so sweet as at Yule tide. Here are all the children so full of happiness that their little bodies are all to small to contain it. Here are the mothers and fathers relating to the little ones quaint stories of Elfland, of Santa Claus, Kris Kringle and the rest, while the good housewife prepares the mince pies smoking hot, the plumb pudding, or the Spring pig who has fared richly in consequence of his Christmas destiny. Yes, surely one may be forgiven for reviewing such customs once in the year, but there is another thought also worthy of attention: When you brew the Christmas beverage and lift the wassail bowl to your lips there are always homes without cheer and children without happiness near you. As you entered the church to hear the praise and swelling anthem there was a beggar at the door beseeching alms, and as you stir the fire and give yourselves over to merry-making upon the sacred Christmas Eve don't forget the homeless ones within sound of your voice. Go to the Christmas tree, by all means, remember your own little ones, but at least give a word of consolation and kindness to the homeless one, whom you may, perchance, have met in your journey, or who may stand without, looking from misery upon a scene of comfort and plenty.

State Tax.

Elsewhere in this issue the reader will find some items in regard to the annual settlement between the counties and State Treasurer Schooling. The amounts of Washoe and Storey counties do not appear therein. Washoe has paid something like $34,000 as her portion of the tax, this establishing her claim to rank as the second county in the State. We pass this point however, to call attention to another fact. The rate of taxation this year has been very hard to bear, and owing mainly to the fact that the State levy was not reduced by the Legislature. The cause of such failure is directly traceable to the advocates of the compromise bill. These men urged that the rate could not be reduced because the bullion tax could not be collected, and hence that full amount of property tax would be required to run the government. They argued with some plausibility that the rate could be reduced if the compromise passed, but never admitted that it could be reduced anyway, owing to the certainty of collecting the bullion tax. The Legislature, however, maintained its ground, and only failed of its duty in being unable to reduce the State levy, owing to the power of the compromisers. The case stood in this way. No power could prevent a speedy collection of the entire bullion tax, henoe the levy could easily have been reduced. But the advocates of compromise had enough votes to prevent any reduction of the State rate, and by holding this over the Legislature songht to enforce favor for the conpromise. We hope that the blame in this case will be awarded where it belongs —to the compromisers, as we believe they will make the same attempt another session.

Beecher lately described very minutely a certain kind of hell, and said he didn't want to go to that one. Beecher was always critical, but we never contemplated that degree of ingenuity which could graduate final condemnation and offer assorted purgatories to needy mankind. It would be very interesting to know the exact intensity of heat and brimstone which Henry, as the religious agent of Plymouth Church, will choose for his flock. They pay him well for canvassing the subject, any way.

Three men lately stole $70,000 from a mail car between Calais and Dover. They were afterwards detected and brought to trial. The defense set up that the felony was committed in France. The prosecution claimed that the conversion of the securities in London constituted a felony, but the judge thought his duty demanded an acquittal, which he accordingly granted. The parties cannot be delivered to France because the word larceny does not occur in the treaty, and so it ends.

The Reno *Gazette* states that there will be a counter petition to Congress, from Washoe county remonstrating against the Government taking back from the C. P. R. R. Co. their unsold lands. It seems that there is less subserviency to the railroad interest in that county than in most others along the line of the road.—*Elko Independent*.

The *Independent* misquotes us. We did not say that the petition was to come from Washoe solely.

ANNUAL SETTLENENT.—The Treasurers of the several counties of this State are now making their yearly settlement with State Treasurer Schooling. So far the following counties have been heard from, and after deducting expenses for shipment of funds etc., the amounts set opposite to their respective names are credited to them:

Lyon county	$12,465 34
Humboldt county	19,423 17
Lander county	13,225 73
Eureka county	31,109 14
Douglas county	8,228 99
Ormsby county	22,168 98
Lincoln county	7,594 35

—*Carson Appeal.*

England has accumnlated vast military stores at Gibraltar and Malta.

The Ward *Reflex* reports a rich strike in the Pleiades mine.

"Little Evarts."

We like to see a conscientious out spoken man, and the louder he speaks, the better we like it so he stands upon honest and reasonable ground. But we confess to a weak stomach, when we hear some of our neignbors calling the present Secretary of State "Little Evarts." They may differ with his political tenets, and we do not object, but we earnestly beseech these men not to destroy Evarts character as a man of learning and wonderful ability. Let us remind them that differance of opinion does not premit intolerance, and that a man with Evarts' record must have a modicum of the common sense which the Conkling men possess in such a remarkable degree. Let us claim for the nonce that the leading lawyer who successfully defended Andrew Johnson in the greatest political trial, may be allowed to average with other men. The man whom public deference chose as the representative of America before the Geneva Arbitrators, and who was admitted the ablest lawyer before that body, and won his case is not all a fool, nor is he wrong because he differs with Roscoe Conkling. The man whom Republicans chose to present the cause of President Hayes before the ablest men of this nation is not perhaps a traitor because he has his own opinion, and finally we submit with few misgivings that the acknowledged head of the New York bar for fifteen years past, must have nearly as good ideas of the interests of his people as the average country politician who warms his shins and mouths his country's welfare in the corner store. Let us be a little charitable, friends, to this "Little Evarts" because it may happen that he means well, and at the worst he is only unfortunate in differing with us.

A Chance for Capitalists.

The *Silver State* ever watchful of Humbodlt's interests, calls attention to a valuable tract of land near Flynn's Station which can easily be irrigated and made valuable by a slight outlay. We have often said that Nevada was now offering some of the finest opportunities to capital to be found in the Union. There are large tracts of land about this place which would when reclaimed surely return a magnificent interest for every dollar invested. There is an abundant water power wasting itself daily in dashing against rocks, which should be turning water wheels and running machinery. That water power is the Truckee River, and capital passes it by, probably because the stream is not of silver, or because water wheels can not be found ready made. There are mining districts in this State which only need the use of capital for six months to demonstrate their worth. There are numberless industries now thriving in other States, and which have never been attempted in Nevada, which would be securely and largely profitable. Why are these opportunities wasted? Why does the machinery rust in the manufactruies, and the water power run to waste? Why does the prospector give over his task, and the number of unemployed increase? Because the capitalist finds it profitable to speculate upon money rather than upon industry. There are millions of money in San Francisco banks and thousands of profitable investments waiting for this capital.

The *Bee* notices the following matters of interest in the report of Fish Commissioners:

There were caught in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and which found their way to market, 5,098,700 pounds of salmon in the year beginning Nov. 1, 1874 and ending August 1, 1875; in the following year 5,311,423 were caught, and in the next year, ending August 1, 1877, 6,493,563 pounds, beside 2,000,000 pounds which they claim were taken out of season this year. The Commissioners say: "This shows a gain of more that a million of pounds in the legal catch over any year since the organization of the Commission and may be ascribed to the fact that our waters are now beginning to feel the beneficial effects of the millions of salmon hatched artificially and turned into the headwaters."

South Carolina Democrats say that Senator Patterson is a great criminal. They can convict him and not half try, but they supplement this assertion by promising that if he will resign and let a Democrat fill his place there will be no prosecution. That is the purity of our ancestors, as improved and intensified by time.

SMALL TALK.

Turkey still struts, and will shortly gobble up 300,000 more men for the war.

The Elko *Independent* learns that the Navajo Company has shut down. The ore now uncovered contains sulphurets and must be roasted.

The San Francisco papers say that racing in that region has degenerated into a mere scramble for "oats," owing to the jobs practiced during the present year.

Dr. E. N. Chapman, of Brooklyn, has solved an important problem. He says that whiskey is good for diphtheria. There is a great deal of diphtheria in this country.

We read of one James McCoy who has just made his fourth escape from prison, and has sentences aggregating fifty years booked against him. His life will prove useful in demonstrating the weakness of jailers.

Senator Blaine having joined hands with Conkling, now sees things through the same glasses as that gentleman. Blaine thinks the President is wrong, and the President knows that Blaine is wrong, so there's no advantage in that respect.

One of the strangest things which has been developed by current events during the past year is the certainty with which the wily detective will pass by a defaulting bank president without seeing him.

Beecher says it's easier to walk a six-inch bridge 500 feet high and pitched at an angle of 90 degrees, than to tell the truth all the time. These little experimental results when officially announced carry much weight.

J. C. Duncan, the thief, politely termed ex-bank president. has been hiding in San Francisco and the police officers are ready to swear that he has the property of invisibility. The Grand Jury does not believe it.

Every creek in California has a petition before the Legislature of that State, praying for an appropriation to improve the said streams. They all want to be navigated, and it takes money to make rivers out of sloughs. If this precedent holds good we may expect to hear from Reese river next year.

Two horse thieves had their stockings hung up lately in Bakersfield, Kern county. These gentlemen were inside their stockings and ropes were hitched about their necks. Their speeches were not reported, but there is no doubt that they declared themselves satisfied with the prospect of a better land. Murderers all go to heaven when let out of employment here, and why not horse thieves.

The Mexicans are doing a good business along the Rio Grande. They have plundered several towns and defeated the Texan rangers, and a detachment of United States troops. If the New York *Sun* had its way, the united attack of Sitting Bull's murderers, and Mexican horse thieves, would be very troublesome to our standing army.

"Little Senators."

Under date of December 23d the New York *Times* asserts that "another little Senator has been chosen in the person of James Farley." The discussion is pertinent to us because it presumes that there are other "little ones" in the Senate from the West. The *Times* goes on to say:

The election of such men as Farley of California to the United States Senate is not an encouraging sign. It is another indication of the gradual decadence of the body which now ranks Roscoe Conkling among its leaders. To be sure there have always been little men in the Senate, but there are more little men now than ever before, and the vast majority of small Senators is now reinforced in a most characteristic manner by California. From all accounts it would appear that this latest accession to the Senate is an uncultured, uneducated and opinionated person, difficult to move by argument, and dangerous because of his natural ignorance and self conceit. And this is the sort of a man who will find fit companionship in the United States Senate.

Now can it be possible that Nevada has ever elected one of those Senators, and moreover, is it true that "little men" find fit companionship in the United States Senate?

President Hayes will enlarge upon his Civil Service policy in a special message to Congress at the coming session. He does not propose to abandon any portion of his position.

The Turf.

A Large Stake—Some Interesting Races in Prospect—The Spring Circuit.

The Spring circuit will probably embrace Chico, Sacramento, Oakland, San Francisco, San Jose and Reno, where liberal premiums will be offered The entries are sure to be numerous. Heretofore trotting matches for large sums of money have been confined in California, but Henry N. Smith, the owner of Goldsmith Maid, has matched his chestnut gelding, Gossip, by Tattler, against General Fremont, by Moron Perry, for $10,000 a side, one-fourth forfeit. They are compelled to await the decision of this event next May, while here they could have brought it to a conclusion at any time. The largest amount ever trotted for in match or purse, was when Princess defeated Glencoe Chief—a ten-mile race. The sum at issue was $36,000, in the main stake.

There is a strong probability that there will be a race of heats of two miles, for a purse of $2.000, at Sacramento the 22d of February. The plan is either to make it a handicap or to bar Molly McCarthy, as with equal weight there would not be many to enter against her, Should Ozark stand training he would be a worthy competitor. He won the Ocean Hotel stakes at Long Branch, defeating Aristide, Leader and Tom Ochiltree one and three-forth miles in 3-14¾, and as Aristides beat Tenbroock twice, the great excellence. Ozark is now in Oakland, aud the leg which was injured appears as though it would stand training.

The money won by the race horses during the Fall circuit in purses was $12,310. The two year old, Clara D., was the largest winner, the amount being $1,675, and the next is Morphine, with $1,100; Jake is third, with $1,050, and fourth is the two year old Lexington Belle. Lena Dunbar is at the top of the three year olds, her receipts $865, and her stable companion, Molly H. the same age, $590.

California Items.

The State enjoyed enough rain last week to make the farmers merry during the holidays.

Californians are surprised that Nevada, not content with silver, has discovered quicksilver. We shall some day surprise them in agricultural improvement.

There are 200,067 children in California between the ages of 5 and 17 years; number enrolled in the public schools, 135,335; daily average attendance, 89,538. There are 3,167 teachers, of whom 1,184 are men and 1,983 women. The average pay per month is—men, $84.93; women, 68.01. Number of children in th State attending public schools, 150,334, and 49,935 attend no school. The total cost of the school system in California the past year (allowing 10 per cent, for use of $5,933,243 worth of school property), exclusive of cost of text-books, was $3,343,53 882.

French Camp, San Joaquin county, expects to raise 800 barrels of chicory this year from 50 acres of land. Five hundred tons find sale each year in California.

The Legislature re-assembles January 3d.

Wild geese and ducks are feeding upon the volunteer grain crops, much to the annoyance of farmers, and there seems to be no way to get rid of them.

The California papers are discussing land monopoly, and the Santa Cruz *Item* says:

To a man of talent, public virtue, moral daring and honorable ambition, the curse of land monopoly in this State presents opportunities for fame rarely shown in the path of an honest, enterprising reformer. There is no more justice in monopolizing miles of land, than there would be in monopolizing miles of ocean, or in the monopoly of air and sunlight, for God created them all—land, sea, air and sunlight—not for a favored few but for all his creatures alike.

Diphtheria is still raging in portions of California, and the effective remedy is said to be whiskey. Poison with poison.

They say that vigorous effors will be made to reconcile Evarts and Conkling during the coming week. If the associated press agent would kindly let Evarts and Conkling reconcile themselves and attend to legitimate news items he would be more entertaining.

CONFESSED.—Yesterday afternoon, one of the five tramps who were arrested for disturbing the peace and quiet of the First Ward confessed that he was a son of Osman Pasha.—*Footlight.*

The Eureka *Republican* reports that large numbers of cattle are dying from starvation in the southern part of Nevada.

George P. Clark commited suicide in Virginia on Friday.

Humboldt Irrigation and Development Company.

One of the most important matters now agitating the people of this coast —those who till the soil especially—is the subject of irrigation. Legislators are racking their brains in the endeavor to devise a cheap and sure means of supplying water for the thousands of barren acres now lying idle which but need irrigation in order to convert them into grain-bearing fields and make them a source of revenue. The subject is receiving at the present time earnest attention in this State and also Nevada, in which latter there has been organized a company under the name of the Humboldt Irrigation and Development Company, with its works located in Humboldt county, Nevada. The object of the company is to build an irrigating canal with a capacity of carrying sufficient water to irrigate 35,000 acres of land in the lower Humboldt Valley, known as the "Big Meadows."

The dam where the company taps the Humboldt river is located near Oreana, is nearly completed, and will cost about $15,000. A tunnel is being run into the hill between the dam and the head of the valley, which will be 1,360 feet in length with a width of 20 feet and an average hight of 8 feet. It will be supported by heavy timber, lagging, etc., and will be finished with substantial fluming, having sufficient fall to carry through it all the water required in the valley. Work on the tunnel is being rapidly pushed ahead. Nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber will be required for the construction of the dam, flumes, tunnels, timbers, etc., most of which was purchased from the lumber men at Truckee, and is now lying along the route of the canal ready for use.

The company expect to complete the entire work about the middle of next April, in time for the water to be used during the ensuing year in raising crops.

The soil of the valley is deep and of a rich alluvial character, with an underlying strata of gravel and shells. The company has secured about 5,000 acres of the land and have acquired water rights and the right of way through the lands along the route of the canal.

The work is being done under the management of R. Thrush, Superintendent of Construction, with D. B. Merry as Chief Engineer. About 40 men are employed.

The company was incorporated in the State of California in August last, with a capital stock of $50,000, which was increased in September last to $100,000. The Directors are E. E. Ames, R. Thrush, J. M. Henderson, B. F. Smith, all of Sacramento, with E. E. Ames as President, B. F. Smith as Secretary and J. R. Foster as Treasurer.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Truckee Items.

Truckee has a "sewing circle," and that accounts for the scarcity of items in the *Republican*. The ladies circulate the news before Ford gets to press.

The sewing society gives a dance on Christmas night.

The *Republican* editor had his fins upon catfish right from Chicago. $9 75 was the expressage and no bones made about it.

Mrs. Shephard, who is anxious that everybody shall learn that her husband is in a drunkard's grave, lectured to empty benches in Truckee on Monday evening.

C. O. Sturgeon, a Truckeeite, got into a pretty kettle of fish lately. He was accused of bigamy by Mrs. S. L. Sturgeon, but there was nothing in the charge, and this case of family chowder was promptly dismissed.

Truckee will have a literary and debating society—Crowley, McGlashan, Ricker, Luke, Ford, &c.

The *Enterprise* says: President Hayes has been severely censured by the Republicans in Congress for appointing a Democrat United Sates Marshal in Georgia, but if we are to judge of Fitzsimmon's character by the talk he held with a reporter of the Augusta *Chronicle*, it is apparent the President might have chosen a worse man from among the republicans to fill that important office.

GENERAL GRANT'S PROGRESS.—Naples, Dec. 21.—General Grant, accompanied by the United States Consul, visited Herculaneum and Pompeii yesterday and was much pleased with th eexcursion. to-day the general returned the visits of the Prefect and afterwards had a reception at the residence of Consul Duncan.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.—Paris, Dec. 21.—The *Evenement* states that in the Court of Cassation yesterday the Advocate General announced an adjournment *sine die* the consideration of all cases arising from the prosecution of booksellers, newsdealers, and hawkers instuted subsequent to the 16th of May.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Good News.—Alvaro Evans our old townsman, and Vice-President of the Agricultural Mining & Mechanical Society, has just returned from Chicago, and reports his experiment of shipping beef to that point a complete success. The shipment arrived in as good condition as when it left Winnemucca, and the price realized leaves no doubt in regard to the profitable nature of shipments of beef from Nevada to Illinois. The importance of this first experiment can hardly be overestimated, as it provides an outlet for the beef produced in Nevada, and renders us independent of the San Francisco market. We understand that Mr. Evans and associates have ensured a good market for the beef raised in Eastern Nevada and Idaho, and we have before published statements which show that the California stock raisers appreciate the fact that Nevada is soon to be independent of the Western market. A bright future is assured to the meat shipping industry.

Roll of Honor in Verdi.—To the courtesy of Miss Mary A. Taylor we are indebted for the following showing in regard to the young idea of Verdi. School has now adjourned for the holidays. In case the weather holds good the session will be resumed again in about two weeks; but in default of sunshine the next session will be indefinitely postponed. The following pupils are on the roll of honor: Nettie Wood, 91; Eva Odett, 90; Georgie Odett, 88; Nelly Odett, 85; Bertha Odett, 84; Louisa Haller, 81; Millie Hamlin, 81; Prilla Odett, 81; Lizzie Leonhardt, 78; Olive Pashby, 78; Georgie Hamlin, 76; Jake Browning, 76; Georgie Foulks, 76; Ella Allen, 70.

After Somebody.—The Carson *Appeal* of the 21st notices the arrival of Ben Lackey in that city and predicts that he is good for many a shrimp salad and porter house steak yet. Benjamin was in Reno the other night and looked as though he was seeking work at wood chopping or some kindred occupation. Lackey was accoutred on the orthodox woodman's style, and thinking that he might be laying for some one, we made no mention of his presence. Rather foxy, is Benjamin.

Delinquent Taxes—The total delinquent taxes were $2,900, one-half of which has since been paid. County Auditor Williams computes that not more than $1,200 or $1,500 will be handed over to the District Attorney for collection. This must be regarded as a very good showing, considering the times. We recommend delinquents to settle, as these amounts will be promptly collected. We hope the amount may be still further reduced.

Disappointed.—Said Juddles to his grown-up daughter, "What do you want for Christmas?" Said she: "Other girls have their stockings filled, and I expect the same." Said Juddles, looking at the stocking, "It would take a good sized man to fill that, and I haven't any of those at command, you will have to take something else." Exit daughter of Juddles weeping.

Correct.—Through the exertions of County Auditor Williams a bill was passed at the last session modifying the method of collecting poll tax. A result of this change has been the collection of 2,400 poll taxes against 1,600 in '76. This does not hurt the road fund, and one man pays taxes all should.

Gone Below.—Len Savage went below again last Friday. His lungs have been weaker for some time past, and upon leaving home yesterday it was feared he would not be able to make the trip. He felt well, however, on reaching the train, and it is hoped that the change of climate will prove beneficial.

Refitting.—Louis Dean's stable has disappeared and in its place will soon be found two stores. Louis is looking for tenants, and has one secured in a Chinaman. He prefers caucasians however, and will wait a while.

A Chinese wash house in the western addition succumbed to the flames Monday afternoon. Our firemen responded, but to no purpose the fireking claimed his own, and the unfortunate cleansers of soiled linen are homeless. Such is the vicissitudes of Celestial life, John is led to say, "What for."

Jottings.

Bodie is all the go on the Comstock.

R. P. Chapin is busy potting roses.

The poll tax collected this year will reach $10,000.

Santa Claus will be here next Tuesday night. Hang up your stockings.

James H. Borland has returned from Rye Patch.

Judge Richardson says he is out $1 to-day and he "ain't made a cent."

We hear of several Virginians who think of spending Christmas in Reno.

The ladies were out in force last evening making purchases for the holidays.

Washoe county is second only to Storey in taxable property and support rendered to the State.

Ninety-one delinquent poll taxes in the delinquent list, of which 50 will be collected.

C. A. V. Putnam has returned to his old position as news editor of the *Enterprise*.

Mr. Geo. Mapes and Mr. Geo. Todhunter, stockmen from the north are in town.

One of our well to do citizen will set "Possum and sweet potatoes" before his guests on Christmas.

Louis Dean has purchased from E. H. Vance, 60 acres, and from G. Ault, 80 acres on the Truckee Meadows.

Several of our citizens are interested in Santa Fe district in Esmeralda county, and say they don't want to sell.

Master Freddy Hagerman arrived from San Francisco last Monday, and will spend his two weeks vacation with his parents.

The Lassen County *Farmer* intimates that it will take a long season of holidays, and blames the people for not supporting two papers.

Telegraph repairers were engaged Monday in connecting the wires of the A. & P. Telegraph Co.'s office with the Western Union Telegraph office. The latter office now has twenty-eight strands of wire.

The most tastefully trimmed meat market in town is the Star Market. Drop in and see those neatly dressed pigs, mutton chops and steaks which cannot be excelled. The fact is Schaefer understands his business.

Coasting in Virginia on Saturday and Sunday.

A State Teachers Institute will probably be held in Carson in March.

A Christmas Reunion.—Among the many firesides about which good cheer and happiness were so abundant Tuesday, we ask the pleasure of describing one. Mr. C. A. Bragg and lady, imbued with the spirit of Christmas tide, left the latch-string outside and when evening came found their modest home literally filled with sons and daughters, Kris Kringle, our special, looked through the window and counted no less than seventeen smiling faces as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bragg; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Desley of Carson with four bright little votaries of Santa Claus; Mr. and Mrs. B. F, Bacon and one little blue eyed maid; Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Bragg and little daughter; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fulton; and Miss Saida Bragg. Of course the feast was abundant and as the brave captain sat at the head of the table dividing the good cheer, his good lady facing him—and helping as usual—it was no ordinary happiness which shone from those two faces upon their Christmas guests. After the supper, Ben Bacon was fitted up as Santa Claus, to the especial delight of the children, and to the bewilderment of one young miss who refused a kiss because of non acquaintance. Then they gathered around the Christmas tree, and presents for old and young were found to be numerous. One of these we mention is an elegant arm-chair provided for the patriarch of the little flock, and in which the brave old gentleman sat conspicuously happy, although he made a downright failure at trying to hold all of his grandchildren at once. The evening's enjoyment was worth a year of life, and we describe it because we like to see good people happy. May the day return many times, and never come without the joy.

A special train will leave Carson at 6 o'clock, Dec. 31st, to transport a select party of Carsonites to this burg. The River Side meeting.

Notes by the Way.

Surprise Valley—Items of Modoc and Roop Counties, etc.

It is quite customary on the return of a news reporter from a visit to a new section of country that he inflicts the readers of the paper with the results of his peregrinations. We trust however, that a brief description of the places from which we have just arrived will prove instructive if not interesting, to the many readers of the *Gazette*. More than a week ago in company with Mr. J. C. Hagerman, we started over the future mail route to Lake City, and immediate localities in Surprise Valley. This Valley with those adjoining and much of the country between Reno and Fort Bidwell, comprises a large area valuable chiefly as a stock range, yet producing many tons of farming produce, and capable of yielding rich revenues from other staple commodities. Reno is the natural outlet of this section and our merchants do a large trade with that part of Nevada, Oregon and California. We therefore feel a lively interest in those people, and though that section is sparcely settled and its inhabitants far removed from market their prosperity is also financial benefit to us, while the supplies which they are enabled to furnish us provides a mutual source of revenue.

Leaving the Truckee meadows with its superior communications, many well improved farms and comfortable homes, we enter an almost barren region of treeless mountains and long plateaus covered by the invincible sagebrush, rich of soil but unwatered. As we entered the hilly region beyond Pyramid Valley the characteristic hotel furnished an occasional relief to the monotony of our journey. A few dogs, say half a dozen, meet us a short distance from each house and as best they can invite us to tarry over night. "Tule Frank" took charge of us on the first night and did the landlord in handsome style. Frank has a 1200 acre farm and is prospering. The next point was Fish Springs, distant seventeen miles. They lend a charm to the home of Mr. Anderson, who is the only resident of the eastern part of Honey Lake Valley. The land is rich and furnishes grazing for a large number of cattle, and from a large farm Mr. Anderson raises tons of hay. A low range of hills constitute the dividing line between Honey Lake Valley and the large valley of the salt marsh. This valley contains no agricultural land and is the home of but two families, Mr. Bonham and Frank Murphy. The latter runs the Buffalo salt works, and supplies southern Oregon, northeastern California, and Roop county, Nevada, with salt. The salt in solution is pumped from salt wells and precipitated by evaporation. The works are 88 miles from Reno. From the marsh to the next valley we pass through Buffalo Canyon, a fearfully rocky gorge, bounded on either side by massive columns of basaltic rock. Hagerman became inspired and spun poetry by the yard. Our memory is treacherous, else a few stanzas of his touching compositions would be presented to the reader.

We next enter upon Duck Flat, the only precinct of Roop county. Duck Flat is not an imposing valley, but provides a home for Clarke, a stock man, and Dennis Mulquiny, the proprietor of a wayside hotel. Dennis is not beautiful, nor is his earthly home palatial, yet far from friends and a lone batch, he keeps soul and body together and lives an honest if not an inviting life. Fluctuations in the price of stocks never mar his peace, nor tales of woe or scenes of real strife disturb his evening repose. Each day alike pursues he the tenor of his way. There he in monotonous life content must stay.

Over the hill from Dennis, down a good canyon road and we are in Surprise Valley. On our right are high table mountains and long ridges, to the north sixty miles away, are low mountains, save Mt. Bidwell, which stands like a sentinel at the head of the Valley, to our left are high rugged mountains covered with snow and supporting forests of pine and other timber. From the base and even far up on the sides of these western mountains are numerous springs, some of these springs are icy cold, others even in close proximity are nearly boiling hot. Before us lay the rich beautiful Valley, sixty miles long and ten miles wide. At the south end of the Valley lies Lower Lake, a short distance above is found Middle Lake and still further north is Upper Lake, the largest of the three. These lakes cover about one-third of the Valley, are shallow and their waters are destitute of fish, being more or less impregnated with salt and alkali. The Valley land at both ends of the Valley and the entire western portion of it is fine agricultural land. From one quarter to one third of the Valley is under cultivation, and the yield from its rich soil is equal to that of the best tillable lands of California. Mr. Wimer at Lake City, says the soil produces from thirty to forty bushels of wheat or barley. On account of the great distance to market about one-fourth of the arable land remains uncultivated. The population of the Valley is about 1500. There are eight schools in the Valley, two flour mills, four saw mills, but not a single church. The people however are not without tee gospel, having the benefit of the ministerial labors of Methodist and Baptist clergy. There are four towns in the Valley viz: Eagleville, Cedarville, Lake City and Camp Bidwell. Eagleville is on Eagle Creek, has a saw mill, school house and a few farmer,s residences. Cedarville, sixteen miles north, has a population of say one hundred, contains a store, saloon, two hotels, two livery stables, a school house, a flour mill, run by steam and a number of private residences In this place we met Messrs. Cresler and Bonner who are the merchants of the place. Mr. Monchamp and Mr. Hironymous, proprietors of the two hotels, Mr. Cannon, who accommodates the thirsty, and Mr. J. C. Jones, formerly of Reno, who attends to the cladding of men's feet and doctors debilitated soles.

Lake City, ten miles north of Cedarville, is situated in a beautiful grove of pine trees, and, but for a little injudicious rivalry between it and Cedarville, would propably have been the county seat of Modoc county. The population of this town is about 125. It contains one hotel, two stores, a blacksmith and carpenter shop, a fine flour mill, school house, a public hall and theater, a saloon and the homes of many families. Here we found W. B. King, formerly of Reno, J. W. Cratty, who is now a merchant, having purchased the store and goods lately in charge of Mr. Hagerman, Mr. Adams, the mixologist, Mr. Brown, of hotel fame, Mr. Estes, the pedagogue of the burg, Smith, the Postmaster and watch mender, Thompson, who runs "the other store," Johnny Cannon, known by every one as a clever gentlemen, and George Wimer, who has the best flour mill in the Valley. This mill has a capacity of 10,000 barrels per day, has excellent milling apparatus and does first class work. Mr. Wimer intends putting several thousand barrels of his flour in the Reno market next Spring and Summer.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded since Dec. 10th:

B. F. Leete to James Bristol. Lot 4 in block 5, Western addition, for $321 26.

Charles Crocker to Wm. Webster. All of fractional block D, in Reno, $450.

L. W. Lee to A. J. Clark. Lot 5 in block H in Marsh's, addition $200.

Giovani Pratto to Andrea Pratto and Antonio Ceresola, one-fourth of Marysville ranch, $2000.

Peleg Brown to School District No. 9, 600 feet square for school house, $1.

Charles Crocker to James H. Kinkead, Lot No. 19, river front, $125.

Charles Crocker to B. B. Norton, Lot 8, block 2, $125.

Nuptials—The friends of W. D. Phillips will now please put on mourning. He's gone too. There an only a few more left of us Spartans now, and it behooves us to draw closer to keep warm. We cannot but think that Phil. was a little unkind in leaving so suddenly, but we will not throw stones on that account. No, on the other hand there is no measure of happiness which we do not sincerely wish for Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Phillips. May life be as generous as the courtesies which we now acknowledge.

Another Chinaman is under arrest. He is suspected of being the chap who shot the celestial, who was burned to death in the wash house, which perished by flame Monday afternoon. It is not legally certain that the Chinaman was shot, since the body was so badly burned that no traces of gunshot wounds can be found.

The Elko Hanging.

"That's Daylight and the Last I Shall Ever See."—"I Want You All to Meet Me in Heaven."

At 11:55 last Friday Sam Mills, the negro murderer who lately attempted to escape, was hung in the Court House yard at Elko. He was attended for some time by a reporter who gives the following details in regard to his last hours:

Mills attempted to conceal his real state of mind, conversed about his execution, said he had inspected the scaffold and believed it would work perfectly. His frequent remark was, "Well, this is my last night upon earth," and long drawn sighs showed that the thought found no peaceful echo in his breast. He was extremely anxious about the disposition of his body, and when assured that the surgeons would not get it, said, "Then at this time to-morrow night I shall be up there on the hill. I do not fear death, and if I felt sure that my sins were forgiven I would want to die, for I am tired of this world."

Every few minutes he would sing a line or two of the familiar hymn:

> "Come to Jesus,
> Come to Jesus,
> Come to Jesus just now."

At times he affected a light heart and essayed the witty role, furnishing the laughter which he thought appropriate to his own jokes. But these spells were very short; they would invariably end in sighs and allusions to to-morrow's "horrid work." At times he sat silent and in deep reflection. After one of these he repeated aloud the following lines:

> "Here on my heart a burden lies;
> I must pronounce Thee just and wise.
> If my poor soul is sent to hell
> The righteous Lord approves it well."

"That," he feelingly remarked, "is my old mother's favorite hymn, and I often heard her sing it when I was a boy. May God pity her. She will never see that boy again."

Mills frequently had recourse to prayer and always said he felt better and would be forgiven, and did not fear death. At the approach of dawn he started up eagerly, and as the first gray light reached his gloomy cell explained:

"That's daylight coming now, and the last I shall ever see. I did not sleep last night, but I will take a good long sleep in heaven to-night."

At 10 o'clock the people gathered about the jail and soon after Rev. Robert McCullock, visited Mills in his cell. Sheriff Lietz read the death warrant to Mills at 11:45, and was politely thanked by the doomed man. The murderer then shook hands with all the prisoners, saying as he did so: "Boys, good by, one and all. Don't any of you ever come to my end. I want you all to meet me in heaven. I love you every one."

Upon the scaffold Mills made a short speech. Mr. McCullock offered a prayer, and at 11:53 the black cap was adjusted, Mills assuring the officers that he was not afraid to die. At 11.55 Deputy Sheriff Zarcy pulled the lever, and Samuel Mills ceased to live in 7 minutes thereafter.

The ingenuity of the Chinese is no confined to embroidery, ceramics and decorative art, but extends to internal revenue. One of the latest schemes of the Celestial statesmen proposes a tax on new-born infants. The sum is ridiculously small—about ten cents—but as babies are one of the principal productions of the Celestial Empire, and the market is constantly overstocked, a handsome revenue from this source is confidently expected. The tax falls due when the infant enters the world and the happy father, without delay, steps down to the captain's office and settles its passage. Strange as it may seem, there are no deductions in case of double entry. This is not inaccordance with natural equity or customs morality. The tax for twins surely ought not to exceed fifteen cents, for small jobbing lots, with the usual discount to the trade. —*Exchange*.

Roll of Honor.—The following is the roll of honor of the Reno Grammar School for the month ending Dec. 21st: Flora Northrop, 99; Julia Wintermantel, 100; Laura Marsh, 90; Dora Cantrill, 95.5; Fanny Russack, 100; Annie Stalker, 100; Josie Wintermantel, 90; Flora McKay, 99, Rebecca Prescott, 99; Emma Rhue, 99; Bertha Rhue, 98; Rose Wilcox, 98; Eddie Winfrey 96.8; Eddie Barber, 96.4; Mack Leete, 93.5; Grant Rice, 90.8; Guy Manning, 99.2; Willie Noyes, 93.2; Benny Metcalf 90.4; Maurice Cohen, 95; Dick Anersmith, 97.
Orvis Ring, Principal.

Miss Mary Toombs has gone to Mills Seminary, near Oakland. She will find an excellent school at the "castle among the hills."

Bierce and the Argonaut.

Now that the Senatorial contest is decided beyond all hope of revocation, the New York *Graphic* arrives at Sacramento with an engaging portrait and prepossessing biographical sketch of Mr. Mark L. McDonald. It is a pretty picture to look at; it is good to frame and hang up. The sketch is pleasant reading, and has a permanent literary value. But the incident somehow reminds one of the arrival of the corpse a day after the funeral.

"To edit a newspaper," says the Rev. Mr. Talmage, "requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, in fact, an encyclopedia." Yes, and when you have done so with distinguished success for the better part of a lifetime the statesman, essayist, geographer, and encyclopedia of a rival sheet will seat himself at his desk with a heavenly smile and an even pulse, and tranquilly aver that you are a brass-bound and double-riveted centennial idiot, and a roaring, ribnosed johndonkey of the windy wild!

It occurs to me that a collection of photographs of "Men and Women whom We All Know" would be a most interesting adjunct to the *Argonaut*, and the persons herein specified will confer a favor by sending their counterfeit presentments without further intimation:—The singularly gifted being who, though no critic, knows what suits *him*. The girl who sucks the handle of her parasol and is without other visible means of support. The attentive listener who has heard it told another way. The friend who is at some pains to recall to your memory an occasion on which you said a good thing. The friend who gives you two fingers to shake, except when he wants a small loan, and then two hands. The young buck who says blood will tell, but whose own will not if it is discreet. The man who begs to take you by the hand on learning that you wrote that splendid article in the *Pyrotechnic Magazine*, but who has unfortunately neglected to first wash his own hand. The amusing fellow who repeats the point of his anecdote after everybody has done laughing. The young lady who expects you to protest when she informs you that she does not like women. The worthy young man who does protest. The old gentleman who never felt younger in his life, sir, but whose walking stick is much worn away at the tip. The fellow who could more intelligibly settle a question of taste if he would leave off chewing his toothpick. The dainty young man who carefully preserves his little finger from contact with the glass out of which he is drinking double distilled thunder and lightning. The member of a firm of liars who believes his responsibility limited to the amount of intellectual capital he has put into the concern.

The critics of "our literary centers" are divided in opinion as to whether a certain quality of the acting of Miss Mary Anderson, the latest American Rachel, should be called "intensity of purpose" or "warmth of feeling." It is just possible (I suggest it with trembling deference) that it is intensity of warmth. I am not without hope of living to see the birth of scientific criticism, when the critic will go upon the stage at various parts of the performance and apply his little thermometer to various parts of the performer. The lady who, in playing "Juliet"—for example—maintans the highest average temperature, will be acknowledged to have enacted that pleasing *role* most acceptably, and the standard "Hamlet" will be the gentleman whose discouraging contacts causes the mercury to make for its bulb like a rat hunting its hole. We shall then have this kind of dramatic news as this: "Miss Gabrielle de Norfolk-Howard (the Countess Bombasta) is billed at the California Theatre. This talented artiste has a high European reputation; her range is from—30 degrees Fahr. in 'Portia,' to plus 107 degrees in 'Pauline.' As 'Juliet she has never shone, though she is said to have once touched plus 96 degrees in the shade. In the play which Mr. Clay Green has written for her we confidently expect her to be red-hot."

The lady who for the past twenty-five years or so has been unwell of a snake in her stomach, and, "as such," has been an object of tender solicitude to the newspapers, some of which may be said to have almost lived on her, so regularly did they recur to her misfortune, and so minutely chronicle her symptoms, has been unkind enough to die. A *post mortem* examination, I am astonished and chagrined to confess, revealed no traces of the snake, though there were abundant evidence of chronic indigestion. My brethren, we shall have to locate that serpent in the stomach of another and more considerate woman. There has been cheating; let us have a new deal.

The Czar of Russia, on his return to St. Petersburg, was most enthusiastically received by his subjects. A correspondent says that the pressure was so great that he had great difficulty in reaching the palace. They pressed around him, prostrated themselves before him, and kissed the hem of his garment. And this is the man who was reported a few weeks since as afraid to return home. The veracity of the telegraphic reporter is evidently not at all times unimpeachable.

Ben Butler is confident that the Silver Bill will pass, even over the President's veto, and sets the time at sixty days.

Editorial and Local Matters.

That Pyramid Lake Trouble.

In the *Chronicle* of December 24th appears a letter over the name of John Leathers, which utterly denies the reported attack upon the U. S. Marshal, and calls somebody Government thieves. It is evident from the tone of this communication that the officers in question have been misrepresented. We have talked with them and they have no thought that their assailants were the honest fishermen spoken of by Mr. Leathers. They gave a grateful account of their treatment at the hands of the fishermen, whom they notified, but still aver that the attack was made substantially as stated. Now a man must be very frail when he imagines a volley of musket balls flying about his head, or he must be a great liar if he manufactures such stories. We do not believe that Marshal Ash or agent Barnes are prone to do that sort of thing. They have, in their treatment of the the snbject, been uniformly charitable and laudatory of the fishermen, and assigned them no active part in the attack. If now Mr. Leathers had the strong side of right, it would seem proper for him to be correspondingly charitable in refuting the story. We do not pretend to know the circumstances of the case except at second hand, but we do know this: that the story as originally told has been substantiated by both the Marshal and agent, and the occurrence telegraphed to Washington. If Mr. Leathers knows thieves around him, his place, as a good citizen, is to prove it as a matter of justice and not for revenge; his letter to the *Chronicle*, therefore, does not affect the case.

The Eastern War.

There is not by any means a cheerful outlook before the Turk. Erzeroum is besieged on all sides. The Russian General Kiudner has reached the locality of Sofia, and the heights of Kamarle are the only positions held by the Turks for the defense of Sofia. The Sultan and his immediate followers are willing to sue for peace, but the Pashas are determined upon war in order to defer the punishment which will surely overtake them in case the Czar shall dictate the terms. The Sultan knows that his recent levy of 300,000 men will amount to nothing and his Egyptian auxiliaries are not efficient in any sense, hence he has determined to learn the probable terms of peace before permitting any more fighting. The Pashas point to England's action in calling Parliament together, and assert that she will interfere when Turkey is driven to the wall. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and these matters are a sure indication of Turkey's speedy humiliation and surrender. The Czar has evidently determined that the humiliation shall go far enough to secure his own terms.

Every year a new use it found for paper. We may dress now in paper suits of clothes, substitute paper collars for those of linen, lie warmly in winter beneath paper blankets, keep flour in paper barrels, store valuables in paper boxes, drape your windows with paper curtains, and eat our eggs out of paper egg-cups. But this is not all; out of paper we may make to ourselves snug and comfortable homes. —*Ex.*

Yes and we can pay our debts on paper and make reputations on paper and take them away again, and reform on paper, and exalt knavery on paper, and depreciate honesty to the level of a vice. All of these neat little tricks have been done on paper.

Ben Butler said he was going to sling bricks during the coming session, and it seems that some worthy Democrats fear his precision. They have, consequently, tried to bribe Benjamin by a small chairmanship, but the great Massachusetts politician cannot be disposed of so easily. As Professor Gunning remarked last night, upon Butler's peculiar cast of eye, "so we predict a distinct, novel and Butlerian line of conduct for the hero of the spoon charge."

The Grand Jury which just concluded its labors in Storey county found most of the county books kept in a very careless manner. They recommend many changes, and the report is exhaustive in all particulars. Some officers have received more than their dues, and others more than they deserve, considering the manner in which the accounts are kept.

Notes by the Way.

[*Continued from 5th page.*]

A ride of sixteen miles north and we find ourselves at Camp Bidwell—the home of some 200 inhabitants, and the headquarters of an important military post. We are now 200 miles north of Reno, 10 miles from the Oregon line and 15 miles from Nevada. Bidwell lies at the head of the Valley. Here we find a large store kept by Irwin Ayres, a hotel kept by a typo named Cole, a photograph gallery, brewery, two saloons, etc. Here we met Seymour, editor of the lately deceased Bidwell *Herald*, a genial young man and former student of Harvard. From his Bohemian experiences were called to mind those lines from Tennyson: "And dare we to this fancy give, that had the wild oat not been sown, the soil, left barren, scarce had grown the grain by which a man may live." At the military camp we met another newspaper man, Lieutenant Fred A. Smith, a graduate of West Point, and a perfect gentleman. By his kindness our little party were "shown around." The garrison consists of two companies—56 cavalrymen and 35 infantry. The Commandant of the Camp, Capt. Henry Wagoner and Lieutenant Norton are the commissioned officers of the cavalry. Captain Norvell and Lieutenant Smith are the officers of the infantry. Major W. Mathews is the surgeon and physician. Two large double set buildings furnish complete accommodations for the officers. These quarters are cozily provided with every needed comfort, and are so situated as to command a fine view of the valley and adjacent mountains. The barracks are also furnisned with the requisite conveniences and provisions for soldier quarters. Every apartment was in perfect order—everything neat. The soldiers, though not all bearing the impress of intelligence, yet were neat in person and orderly in their every act. The hospital, guard house, store rooms, bakery, wash house, etc., are in keeping with all that we have described. Much of what we saw and which reflects credit to the Government and the officers in command, bears the impress of the intelligent superintendence of Lieutenant Smith. Twy twelve-pound howitzers are the only mounted cannon at the Camp. The rifles used are Spencer's improved breech loaders. The Government stables are systematically arranged and well stocked. On the pasture lands we saw about 100 horses and 60 mules. Part of this stock, however, belongs to the Wheeler surveying expedition. The land belonging to the Government covers an area of one mile in width and two and a half miles in length. The health of the Camp is excellent, their not being a sick soldier in the hospital.

At the town we learned that the Odd Fellow and Masonic orders, as at Lake City and Cedarville, are well represented; but what was a great surprise to us was the fact that the secret society which commands the greatest strength is the Good Templars, there being over 400 teetotalers in the Valley. We are at a loss to account for this. We heard nothing of the Murphy card nor Rev. Mr. Allen, nor did we see any blue ribbons. The best reason, however, may be found in the statement of another: "This whisky is powerful weak."

We found that the people of the Valley are very desirous of having a new mail route from Reno to Camp Bidwell, and thence north into Oregon. At present the mail goes by Susanville, over a rough road, and one which is nearly seventy miles longer than the direct route between this point and Bidwell. Often during the Winter and Spring they do not get their mail for five or six weeks, owing to heavy snows on the road between Susanville and Coppersmith's. The people appreciate the efforts of the *Gazette* to secure the lately ordered mail route through by Fish Springs, a route open during the entire year. We found a number of persons who very properly thought that the summit of the Sierra's should be the dividing line between this State and California. If such were the case Surprise Valley would lie entirely in our State. Not only does the natural boundary place Surprise Valley with us, but all the trade in stock and farm produce must come to Reno to find a market. West of the Valley lie high rugged mountains extending miles away, and placing a distant California market beyond access. Were a petition to the State Legislature circulated in the valley, asking that Surprise be surveyed to lie in Nevada, we believe that it would be signed by every man in the valley. California already has much land which properly belongs in this State. The natural boundary between the two states should be the summit of the Sierra's.

OUTLYING PARTS.

We now turn our attention to a larger but less valuable section, yet one which pours its productions into Surprise and our home market. Over the mountains to the west of Bidwell, and distant therefrom twelve miles, lies the large valley surrounding Goose Lake. This valley is about seventy-five miles long by twelve to fifteen miles wide. The lake is sixty-one and a half miles long and, in its widest part, is thirteen miles wide, and at one point is one hundred and twenty-five feet deep. In it great quantities of fish are caught and along its eastern boundary—the valley land proper—many large farms are located. The valley land is well watered and produces a heavy yield of wheat, barley, hay and vegetables. The hay, as in Surprise Valley, is grass hay consisting largely of timothy. A spur of hills nearly divides the valley land into two parts. One half of the lake lies in Lake county, Oregon. The fish in the lake are mostly mountain and lake trout. The population of the valley is about 1,200. The only town in the valley, Lake View, lies at the head of the lake, and is about the size of Lake City, but promises to attain a much larger size. It is the county seat of Lake county, Oregon. During most of the year the lake is the home of millions of geese and ducks. Deer, bear and grouse are abundant in the mountains, prairie chickens in the valley and great numbers of hare and rabbit, but no quail are found either in the valley or mountains. The valley and surrounding mountains are well timbered. The valley is about 500 feet higher than Surprise Valley.

Passing eastward we find, about six miles north of Bidwell, a beautiful little lake covering 60 acres, called Lake Annie. Its basin was evidently scooped out by a glacier, and the low ridge forming its southern boundary was probably a terminal moraine. The melting snows from Mt. Bidwell and several springs are its water supply. As one faces this unique lakelet he perceives no outlet, but going a half mile down the gently sloping southern hill, he sees a deep cut, and from its bottom bursts up a stream, the pent-up waters of the little beauty 150 feet above, which find this underground outlet and erode their way deep in the yielding soil to the valley below. Forty-five miles north of Bidwell lies the fertile Warner Valley. Twenty-five miles northeast our radiating point Bidwell, is Coleman Valley, and not far away lies the the great stock valley Guyana Valley. Twenty miles east we find Long Valley, running nearly parallel to Surprise Valley, and about the same size. This valley has little timber, is poorly watered, but is another great stock valley. Thousands of head of cattle find in this valley excellent Winter feed, grazing on grass and white sage-brush.

GENERAL REMARKS.

We found a number of intelligent men in the places which we visited, and all were interested in improving and increasing their means of communication with Reno. They say that when the new mail route is established Oregon passengers from the East can save time and money by coming through Surprise Valley and thence to Ashland, Oregon. A stage line from Reno to Portland, Oregon, would be less than 450 miles long. As passengers now travel round by San Francisco the distance is 895 miles. The time saved would be one or two days, and the expense about $20 less. Stages could easily run between this point and Ashland in four days and a half. The people are also desirous that with in a few years a railroad be built from this point through to Oregon. They hold that we are favorably situated by railroad connection with the east, west and south, and that a railroad connecting us with them and the Oregon road, would make a profitable investment for capitalists, and be the means of developing a very extensive and naturally rich country.

This northern country, comprised of portions of Northeastern California, Southeastern Orego, and Northwestern Nevada, embraces an area as large as the State of New York. It is capable of producing ten times as much as it now produces. The country is yet in its infancy, but stimulated by the enterprise of men and the demands of other sections, it is destined to become a large supply store-house for those living even in distant lands.

SMALL TALK.

The Eureka *Sentinel* has the authority of Lieutenant Governor Adams for stating that Governor Bradley is a pronounced candidate for the third term honors. Jewett W. will also try to stay where he is. Schooling and Kittrell have also resolved never to give up the ship, and the *Sentinel* reproves them all for the third term proclivities, upon the Republican side. Hobart, Miner, Day, Bickwell, Hawley and Kelley are said to be fond of the State porridge and anxious for a new supply. The *Sentinel* is right in reccommending rotation in office. The farmer rotates to preserve the strength of his soil. Let the State also rotate that the Government may remain strong.

Prof. Gunning, in discussing the period of ice seas, when the earth was covered with a moving mass of ice, said that the earth was slowly, by almost imperceptible movement nearing another glacial epoch. In each short year we had our ordinary winter; in each long epoch we had our glacial winter. According to computations we shall reach that next cold spell in 1,000,000 years. "Yes," said the Professor, "we shall 'catch it' in just about 1,000,000 years.

"We would not live always,
We ask not to stay—"

Telegraphing is cheap in Switzerland where they have the national system of postal telegraphy. Telegraph offices are as common as the post office with us, and are owned and operated by the government. The charge for a message in Switzerland is ten cents, hence the Western Union company are barely making a living in the United States.

The *Silver State* hears a hint that the numerous friends of Hon. J. J. Linn, now Deputy Warden at the State Prison, will present the name of that veteran for the Governorship of Nevada next year, and adds that in default of a better Democrat it will support Linn. Tally again, let's have them all out.

A brisk trade is reported in schoolmarms between the Uuited States and Central America. The Central American must be an epicure or he would never have created a demand for this article. However, we may be mistaken in supposing him a cannibal, as we learn that he has established colleges in Honduras.

The preception of woman is as quick as lightening. Her penetration is intuition—almost instinct.—*Ex.*

Her use of the flatiron and rolling-pin is also reported to be prompt and efficient.

The Vicksburg *Herald* wants laborers to "come south." Thought they were all starving down in the sunny region, and are glad to learn that they are not.

Tilden and Beecher have both discovered a fraud. The former sees it in Hayes and the latter thinks there has been a mistake in regard to our future resting place. Go it, brethren.

J. C. Flood distributed $7,000 among the orphans of San Francisco on Monday last. The bonanza miners worked on Christmas and earned it.

In Spain, at a dinner party, the oldest lady is seated first, but here she is in luck to get a seat at all.

The distance of the earth from the sun is now computed to be 93,300,000 miles. That's getting pretty close.

Sad Accident.—A sad accident occurred at Alhambra Hill, White Pine county, on the 12th instant. A Mr. J. C. Williams, while working a mine in that locality, had, with his family, been occupying an old cabin, and on the morning of the 12th, while Mrs. Williams was preparing breakfast, the dirt roof of the cabin fell with a crash, completely burying the inmates. Mr. Williams soon extricated himself and wife and youngest child, but upon recovering from the shock remembered that his oldest child, a boy two years and a half of age, was still in the ruins. The boy was rescued in a few moments, but it was too late; the little fellow had been smothered, and when found his mouth was filled with dirt, on the removal of which he gasped a few times and died. Mrs. Williams was cut about the head, Mr. W. also received a few slight injuries, while the youngest child escaped unhurt.

It is confidently asserted that the Pope would recover his present illness if he could only go up to the turkey shooting grounds at Reno and try his markmanship.

Geology.

Professor W. D. Gunning appeared at the Opera House Tuesday evening, and, as was expected, a small house was waiting to greet him, the Christmas festivities having drawn many of his expected hearers elsewhere. One by one, however, the tardy ones came in until a very sociable scientific circle was formed about the lecturer. The audience was still, however, far less than the able lecturer deserved. The evening's discourse was given to a very able discourse upon glacial formation, motion and work. The lecturer took up a common boulder from the earth's surface and grouped about it facts and aggregations of facts until he had deduced its cause in glacial action. Just as the snow flakes mass themselves through days and months to form the avalanche, so indeed did the particles of fact and undoubted inference unite to form the beautiful theory of glaciers. Reference was had at all stages of the lecture to facts now existing. The red granite mountain of Vermont, the Mer de glace and the snowy summits of the Alps were all portrayed as seen by the lecturer, and each description brought some pertinent facts to aid the theory advanced. We have not space to attempt a statement of the accepted theory of glacial action but will merely say that the lecturer, while always instructive and entertaining, was often eloquent as he saw himself once more in the presence of nature's works and nature's God.

Meat Shipping.—We visited the slaughter house, etc., of the Meat Shipping Association to-day, and by the kindness of Mr. Bailey and M. Dwelly were shown through the various apartments. Every part shows system and adaptation, and yet the work of improvement goes forward. A new hydraulic ram is being placed in posttion. The canning establishment is receiving attention and other provisions being made to complete the most perfect slaughter house we have ever seen. Thirty head of cattle were killed yesterday and quite a number to-day. Over 250 head have been slaughtered, dressed, and shipped in refrigerator cars to the San Francisco markets. Mr. Bailey says that they find no difficulty in rapidly selling all the company can ship, and that the enterprise is a complete success. Beef cattle at the slaughter house range from five and a half to six and a half cents gross. Shipments are now made every few days and more would be made but for an insufficient number of refrigerator cars. We find that a considerable quantity of the corporation stock is held by San Francisco men, and that it is in demand in the city, The present probability is that the trustees meeting will be held in San Francisco. We don't like to hear this. Our business men and capitalists should control this stock and throw all they can at home of a home enterprise.

Card of Thanks.—The Committee of Arrangement for the Firemen's Ball, on Christmas night, ask to return thanks for the liberality of the citizens and business men of Reno. The proceeds of our first annual ball will enable us to purchase, in part at least, proper quarters for our engine. The names of our friends are placed on the Life Roll, and when called No. 2's boys will be ever ready to answer for them. The whole number of tickets sold were 114, thus figuring as receipts $342; the expenses were $73; twenty-two tickets yet remain unpaid, and the cash on hand foots up $203.

By order Com. Arrangements.
A. C. Bragg, Chairman.
S. F. Hoole, Secretary.

Roll of Honor.—The following pupils in Miss Emery's department were on the roll of honor for the month ending Dec. 21: Artly Upson, 93; Andrew Taylor, 94; Frank Lee, 95; Albert White, 93; Sammy Howard, 95; Charles McFarlin, 98; Bennie Leete, 97; Delwin Dicky, 94; Jennie Vosburg, 93; Hannah Miller, 98; Emma Hammond, 93; Lily Mann, 93; Rachel Fredrick, 97; Clara Harrison, 94; Jennie Palmer, 94; Eliza Gamble, 100; Crissir Andrews, 95; Orenda Palmer, 94; Mary DeBell, 95; Hattie Higgins, 94.

Prof. Gunning will lecture this evening, at 7.30, at the Methodist Church. Subject, the "Origin of Man." Admission 25 cents. The Prof. is a man of erudition and scientific attainments. We ask our readers as a favor to themselves to go and hear him.

Origin of the Races.

Prof. Gunning's lecture last evening on the "Origin of the Races" was better attended than any of the preceeding lectures. He defined the terms "initial" and "inductive" as used respectively by Darwin and Agassiz in their theories on the origin of races among men, and then gave a description of a number of the inferior races of Southern Africa and Australia. The Chinese and Indians were next scientifically treated and the points of similarity and divergence between other races concisely stated. The earliest men were those of dark skin, prominent feature and forehead sloping backward. Men first dwelt on the shores of lakes, rivers and seas. Their wants were easily supplied, and the obstructions to life few and without much difficulty removed. Then men pushed into the forest and became hunters of wild animals. This life made them stronger, by reason of the greater struggle to maintain their existence. Every faculty was developed, and the senses were well trained. It was a higher life. Then men became shepherds, and thus gradually rose to more and more civilized life. Many points we are compelled to omit, nor do we state even the headland points of a lecture not only highly instructive, but at the same time very interesting.

To-night the theme is a still more interesting one, and one which should draw a large audience.

New Year Parties.—The Riverside party on New Year's Eve promises to be a grand affair. Invitations are out and a special train from Carsen will be run for the accommodation of guests from the capital.

The grand ball of the locomotive firemen, at Gladding's Hall, Wadsworth, December 31st, will also be something immense. Professor Scott will furnish the music and a large attendance is expected.

At Milford John Fitch is to have a grand blow out on New Year's Night, and the preparations are on a par with that gentleman's usual hospitality. Nels. Hammond says he has been retained as bar-tender, and all of the boys will be there.

Scott plays for the Masonic party in Washoe this evening.

Firemen's Ball.—The firemen's ball, Christmas night, at Smith's Hall, was a success. We are happy to congratulate Washoe No. 2 upon the excellent management displayed, the sociability and good order which prevailed, and the general satisfaction which was evident. The proceeds will exceed $200, and the fair laddies had the most sociable, and cheerful party of the season. The proceeds will be used in the purchase of a lot, building an engine house and adding to the efficiency of the company.

Hibernica To-Night.—Howorth's Hibernica appears at Smith's Academy of Music this evening, where they will give one of their choice and amusing entertainments. The troupe contains several first-class actors, whose performances never fail to delight the audience, while the panorama portion of the show is said to be splendid. The company play again to-morrow night at the same place. Go and see Barney and Kitty in their character songs and dances.

Personal.—W. H. Virden, of the Gold Hill *News*, was in town Thursday morning.

Sam Davis, of the Virginia *Chronicle*, passed west Monday night to spend the holidays with the old folks at home, in California.

E. J. Parkinson, of the Carson *Tribune*, tarried a day in our midst. We saw him not, but the fair sex acknowledge his visit and bade him welcome.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the A. M. & M. Society has been postponed from January 5 to January 25. The meeting will be held at the Court House, at 2 P. M., and has for its principal object the election of Trustees for the next year. The officers of the Society are elected by the Trustees.

And Again.—Thomas Wren, our representative in Congress, will accept our thanks for a copy of the Finance Report for 1875. If our two Legislators keep up the good work we shall have quite a library by 1879.

Organize your New Years calling parties and send us in your ticket orders.

How an Agent Repeated the History of Life Insurance.

An insurance canvasser tells the following story:

I had been visiting and working with See, a good agent in Central New York. He was full of fun and days work, with cheek like a brass log and head like a tenpenny nail. We had worked hard with scanty results. We had traveled twenty-five miles to see a man, only to learn that he had moved "out West" a month ago; we had convinced another by a hard four hours' talk that he should ensure his life, only to learn that his father and mother had died of consumption, that he had some little trouble with his lungs—"not enough to matter anything—bless your soul, as sound a man as you will find in all this section." Of course we didn't want his money. Toward night of the fourth day we wearily wended our winding way, with only five small applications for insurance, into a little town where See was well acquainted. Stopping at the doctor's office, which was on the second floor of a neat building, and open, he said: "I've got two or three good cases here who can easily be written up; you take a seat and I'll go out and find one and bring him in." In a few minutes he came back with the pleasant-faced, rather plainly dressed man, whom he introduced, saying: "Mr. Green, I want to introduce you to Mr. Fessenden, who has been thinking of life-insurance, and would like to have you give him a full explanation of the principles of the business and a description of the plans of the Company." He turned to me and said: "He don't talk much, but he is very anxious to hear; tell him the whole story." Mr. Fessenden bowed, extended his hand for a shake, and sat down in a listening attitude, and I began, If I ever tried to give a full history of life insurance, I did this time; he looked pleased and interested. I then took up the plans of the Company, and expatiated upon their many advantages at some length, concluding with the question: "Well, Mr. Fessenden, what do you think of life insurance?" There was no answer, but the same steady, pleasant gaze. "Is there anything further which I can explain to you?" Again no answer and no change of expression. It had just dawned upon me that there were mice in the building, when a ripple of laughter came from the head of the stairway, and Mr. Fessenden handed me a card bearing the inscription: "I am deaf and dumb; Mr. See said you would make me hear if anybody could." In my fierce anger I hurled my chair at the open stairway; after a prolonged rumbling, mixed with hard words, I heard from the bottom a voice saying: "Well, he said he wanted to hear, and I knew you wanted to talk." This closed my engagement with Mr. See; I can't bear a man who will take advantage of unsophisticated innocence in any such way.

Some things Concerning Sacramento.

Sacramento has about 26,000 inhabitants.

Thirty years ago the entire ground covered by the city (2½ square miles) and its vicinity did not contain 100 souls.

The price of passage from San Francisco to Sacramento in '49 ranged from $16 to $25.

On the 13th of November, 1849, the people of Sacramento voted on the new Constitution, casting 4,317 votes for to 643 against it.

The same Fall flour was worth $50 a barrel, mutton $1 a pound. Carpenters got $16 a day each.

In January, 1850, a flood swept over the city and destroyed much property. A levee was built the same year at a cost of $147,026 97.

A great fire laid the city in ashes on the 2d of November, 1852; a terrible flood soon followed, and on the 13th of July, 1854, another great fire occurred.

In January, 1848, James W. Marshall discovered gold in the American river, 28 miles above Sacramento.

The first California gold was exchanged for American goods in Sacramento.

The mean temperature of the climate at Sacramento is about 60 degrees.

The average annual rainfall is about 20 inches, which insures good crops. But little rain falls from the last of April to October 1st.

Sacramento is called the graveyard of newspapers.

The great flood of 1861 visited the city on the night of December 9th. A month later, January 10th, another and heavier flood came, but this was the last.

In 1850 Sacramento had 6,820 people—nearly all adult males.

The *Bee* will soon be 21 year old.—*Sacramento Bee.*

You can't depend on Kansas flour. A loaf of bread passed into Levenworth Jail contained two files, a bottle of acid and a roll of money. A country which grows such wheat as that cannot expect to get ahead very fast.

Exciting Game of Poker on the Mississippi.

The following story is told by an old pioneer: "Poker is a remarkable game. There isn't no limit to the regular game, you know, although you can make one of course. But I mean the regular old game they used to play on the Mississippi, in the good old times, when those southern fellows would, on a five-cent ante, raise in a black negro, or a steamboat, or a plantation. Anything, everything went. That reminds me of a little game I saw played. It was a powerful long time ago. I was a cabin boy then at seven dollars a month, and good wages that was considered. We were going from St. Louis down to New Orleans and had a fair crowd of passengers. Well, after we got well down the river—about Natchez, I think—there came aboard four fellows who evidently were looking for a little game. As it afterwards leaked out, they had a pot between them all of about $10,000, and had agreed if they got a soft thing—somebody who couldn't size the pile— to raise him out. You understand. Well, on the boat there was one of those collectors for a St. Louis house, who about twice a year used to make the round trip, and take home the money he would collect from people all along the river, and those collectors used to collect powerful lots of money in those days. When he came aboard at one of the stopping places, he gave the clerk a small package to put in the safe. The four fellows spotted him out and it wasn't long before the five were seated near the Captain's office playing a little five-cent ante game—just to pass the time they said. This collector was rather a small sized, thin, wiry looking chap, and a pair of mild blue eyes that would have looked well on a handsome women. The four were about the average of the black-legs who used to travel up and down the river. Well, the game went on quietly enough. They had their drinks, and I would occasionally get a twenty-five cent piece when a good pot was raked in. They let the collector win until he had a pile of shinplasters ahead—guess some six or seven hundred dollars. He wasn't a bit excited, but played what you would call an average game. One of them dealt and the collector had three aces. They raised it all around, mild like until after the draw. The collector drew two cards—one was an ace, another a king—one of those invincible fellows. Then the four began to raise, one after another. The collector stood them all, and finally went down into his inside pocket and drew out his wallet. He must have had five thousand dollars in big bills. He quietly went three thousand better. That was what the four were awaiting for. They were sure they had seized his pile. The leader saw his three thousand, laid his six-shooter down on the table, and planking down ten thousand said: 'I go you ten thousand better, and give you just five minutes to raise the money.' The game by this time had attracted general attention. The Captain of the boat was looking on—so were nearly all the passengers. The collector was just a trifle pale, but his blue eyes looked a little singular. I stood at his elbow, eyes and ears all open. Fnally he said, quiet-like: 'See here, stranger, you'd better draw that last bet. I don't like to put so much money on a single hand.' 'Five minutes,' said the leader of the four. Again the little chap asked him to draw that last bet and give him a sight for the money up. But—'Five minutes and two already gone,' said the man who expected to out raise his victim. The little collector turned to me and said, 'Boy, step over to the clerk and tell him to let me have that package out of the safe.' Then he drew his six-shooter, and fully cocked laid it before him. Then you could see he meant business by the glitter of his blue eye. The leader of the party was already raking in the pot, but when the little chap laid down that six-shooter he stopped. I hurried over to the clerk who gave me the package. It was done up in a newspaper tied up with a twine. The blue-eyed man untied it, quiet-like, took the package of bills in one hand, the pistol in the other, and said without the least excitement: 'I see your ten thousand dollras, go you ninety thousand better, and *give you just fifteen minutes to raise the money!*' Well, you ought to have seen those fellows. They couldn't stand the raise; they didn't dare to raise a row for the sympathy was with the plucky little man. They got off at the landing the sickest lot of rascals you ever saw. That's the way they used to play poker on the Mississippi when I was a cabin boy."

The Georgia Supreme Court has decided that a murderer, "to be too drunk to form the intent to kill, must be too drunk to form the intent to shoot."

Utah City will have a soap factory They need intellectual soap in Utah, in fact the whole country is in need of some kind of "soap".

The Paris *Moniteur* states that Japan has denounced all commercial treaties and assumed right to revise custom duties at pleasure.

Owen Murphy, Treasurer of the Excise Board in New York, has absconded with $50,000 of the excise funds.

Detectives in Science.

Another Egyptian Date Established.

At a meeting of the French Academy of inscriptions, held some time since, M. de Sauley read a paper in regard to a discovery by the scholar Chabas, which, for the first time, introduced a positive date into the oldest Egyptian history. Hitherto, the distinguished Egytologist, M. de Rouge, has only succeeded in establishing three dates with absolute certainty—the years 1300, 1240 and 962 B. C., the last of these being that of the taking of Jerusalem by Sheshonk I, the Shisak of the Bible. But two or three months ago M. Chabas was fortunate enough to succeed in reading a doubtful cartouche (royal name enclosed in an oval figure) in the famous Ebers papyrus, a fac simile of which was published last year. It proved to be the name of the Pharoah Menkeres, the Mycerinus of the Greek historians and the builder of the third or smallest pyramid at Gizeh. Attached to the cartouche was an astronomical note, stating that the heliacal rising on the star Sothis occured in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres. The ancient Egyptians had the habit of signalizing important political events by some contemporaneous astronomical phenomenon. Many of the latter could scarcely be identified or determined now; but since we know that their Sothis is our star Sirius, we are easily able to fix the rare periods of its heliacal rising. This is the astronomical term used when a star, after being in conjunction with the sun and invisible, emerges from the light sufficiently to be seen just before sun rise. M. Chabas immediately took his discovery to the astronomer Biot, who made the necessary calculations, whence it appears that the heliacal rising of Sothis, in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres, must have taken place between the years 3007 and 3010 B. C. M. de Sauley stated that he had made the calculation independently, and with precisely the same result; he was entirely convinced of the correctness of the date. As the first assured step toward establishing, if only in its general outlines, the chronology of the ancient Egyptian empire, the discovery is of incalculable importance. It fixes the age of the third pyramid of Gizeh at about 4880 years, and antedates by fully 1770 years, the earliest accurately ascertained point in ancient chronology.

Anecdotes of a Dead French Dramatist.

Barriere, the French dramatist, who died a few weeks ago, once met a pretty actress whose protector had deserted her, and, opening the door of the coupe, did all in his power to console the unhappy woman, who was sobbing in the corner of the seat. But she would not be comforted. "No, no," she cried, "I can never smile again. I must drown myself." Very well," said Barriere, calmly shutting the door, "We shall meet at the morgue. Coachman, drive this lady to the river."

And yet Barriere meditated suicide himself once upon a time, had a pistol loaded, and called a friend to receive his dying wishes. The friend did not attempt to dissuade him, but calmly jotted down the dying wishes. Then, while Barriere was writing a farewell letter, took up the pistol and began examining it. It was cocked and the muzzle was pointed directly at Barriere. The intended suicide ducked under the table with remarkable agility, crying, "Look out! the d——d thing is loaded! You will be shooting me the first thing you know."

Barriere was once ambushed at a restaurant by a couple of young actresses who wanted two seats for the first night of one of his new pieces, where seats were valuable. A friend, who was at the table with him, knowing his weakness in such matters, stepped on his toe as a warning. 'Not necessary," said Barriere, I had already stepped on it myself."

A poor woman called on him one day, told her tale of suffering, enlisted his sympathies and got ten francs from him. After she had gone he saw something sparkling on the table where she had sat. He examined it. "A tear!" he said, "a real tear! I should have given her twenty."

Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If any subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newswapers from the offices to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing, and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.
6. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

A Puzzled Poker Player.

Four gentlemen were traveling from the far West to New York City for the purpose of buying goods. As the journey was long and tedious they concluded to while away the time at a game of eucher. Fritz had been in the habit of playing draw-poker, so every time he was dealt a good poker hand he would remark:

"Vell, I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

The other parties would say: "Oh, never mind poker; go on with the game we were playing."

Pretty soon Fritz would get another hand, and out it would come:

"I play poker mit you on dis hand."

"Oh, never mind poker; go on with the game."

He talked so much about poker that the party thought finally that they would give him enough of it. One of them left the table, got another deck of cards similar to the one they had been playing with, and "put them up" for the occasion. Fritz left the table a moment for a glass of water, and while absent the new pack was substituted, and was being dealt as he returned. The dealer turned up a queen. On looking at his hand Fritz found he had four kings. He said immediately:

"I play poker mit you on dis hand."

One of the party, who had dealt himself four aces, looked at his hand some time, then looked at the queen which had been turned up, then at his hand, and again at the queen. Finally he said:

"Well, now, Fritz, since you seem so anxious to play poker, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will let me take that queen up, I will give you a little hand at poker."

"All right." asys Fritz; "all right you takes up de queen."

The queen was taken up and the betting commenced. Fritz bet off $50. John N. raised him $50. Fritz raised that $100. John went $500 better, and so the betting went on until poor Fritz had put up all the money he had brought to buy goods with. When the money was all exhausted and it came to a call, John showed down his four aces and his queen and took the money. Fritz didn't say a word, but went on with the game of euchre for about half an hour. Finally he looked up with a perplexed countenance, and remarked interrogatively:

"John, I bethinks all dis while what de queen have to do mit dat hand."

To Paris.

Many exhibitors will want to go to Paris whether their presence is necessary or not to the proper display of their contributions to the fair, and all who have had no experience in foreign travel will be glad to see an estimate of the cost of the trip. First-class passage to Paris and back by way of Liverpool, Southampton or Havre will cost from $200 to $250, according to the line of steamers selected. Living in Paris cost about the same as living in New York. Hotels are dearer if the guest orders all he is in the habit of ordering in an American hotel, but cheaper if he lives as foreigners do. Board at respectable pensions can be had at all prices from $5 a week upwards; $10 will probably get a good room and a fair table, but not in favorite localities, such as near the boulevards or the Champs Elysees. Incidental expenses, such as omnibus fares, newspapers, bootblacks, cigars (I will not add drinks), etc., cost about as much as in American cities. Nothing is cheap except cab hire. I should say that an American, accustomed to economical habits might leave home with $500 in his pocket and spend three months very comfortably at the exhibition. Of course he could not frequent the Cafe Anglais or go often to the grand opera, or dine every day in the Bois, or indulge incautiously in any of the numerous fascinating diversions of Parisian life. But he could see the exhibition, the city, the picture galleries and the people thoroughly.—*Commercial*

Bullion Shipments. — The Grand Prize shipped west Saturday seven bars of bars of bullion valued at $11,-653.

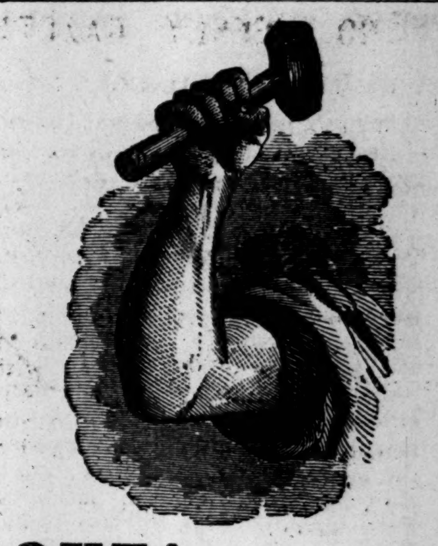
Yesterday four bars were shipped from Cherry Creek, three from the Star mine valued at $2,700, and one from the Geneva valued at $2,800.

A lot of bullion valued at $5,085 from Atlanta, Idaho, was brought here yesterday by express and shipped to Buffalo, New York, to-day.—*Silver State, 26th.*

Christmas in the State Prison.—A gentleman from Carson informs us that even the convicts in the State Prison shared to some extent in the Christmas rejoicings. It seems that on the day before Christmas Warden Batterman received from Colonel Fair a consignment of Christmas gifts for the prisoners, including half a dozen barrels of crushed sugar, several barrels of apples, four boxes of tobacco and a box of pipes.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

Sulphur Mine Leased.—The Pacific Sulphur Company's mine and works at Rabbit Hole have been leased for five years by John Skinker, 115 Pine street, San Francisco, with the privilege of buying the property at a given price whenever he feels disposed to do so. New and more extensive works are to be erected immediately. C. S. Osborn will continue to superintend the works, as heretofore.

MECHANICS' STORE AGAIN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.



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Parties living miles from Sacramento can get their goods from our store at precisely the same prices, by sending us an order, as those who personally visit our store. We forward goods by Freight Express, or Mail.

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Take pleasure in giving information.

All orders attended to promptly. 8-11-4m

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The Buffalo Salt Works

Are now in condition to supply your wants, and the proprietor asserts that for quality his product cannot be beaten.

The BUFFALO DAIRY SALT received the first premium at the Fourth Annual Fair of the Nevada State Agricultural, Mining and Mechanical Society, and it is really

A FINE QUALITY OF SALT.

Farmers are Invited to Try It.

The same salt is now in use in Sierra, Lassen and Modoc counties, and gives the best of satisfaction for Dairy and meat curing purposes.

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Are now ready at the marsh for shipment, and the proprietor, feeling convinced that he has a superior article, has determined that farmers shall try it.

Dairymen are Invited to Experiment at my Expense.

After using Liverpool Salt try some fine dairy salt from the Buffalo Marsh, and note the difference in price.

For sale at Farmers' Store and Manning & Duck's, Reno, Nevada.

10-25tf B. F. MURPHY, Proprietor.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

POSITION OF THE ENGLISH CABINET.—London, Dec. 21.—The *Times'* leading article is carefully directed to allaying the excitement on Eastern matters and counteracting wild rumors It concludes as follows: No course can be more reasonable and obvious than that at this juncture the Government should desire to consult with Parliament as soon as it can without unnecessary inconvenience. Whether interference or meditation, or simply means of securing a good position in the final settlement be the question, they cannot but feel the necessity of Parliamentary support. As soon as Parliament is called together we shall have the main consideration on all sides of the great issue forcibly stated and clearly argued. The nation will have an opportunity of weighing the various courses recommended to it.

The ministry will see whether they can honorably assume, as they have on the whole had a right to assume hitherto, that they are carrying into effect the wishes of the country at large and both at home and abroad we shall see our way more clearly. It does not seem necessary to look beyond these plain considerations in order to understand why ministers have decided to summon Parliament at the earliest convenient date.

A Boston Broker·

[Va. Chronicle.]

R. C. Downer, son of the junior member of the firm of Stone & Downer, one of the solidest banking houses in the staid city of Boston, arrived in Virginia City a few days ago, and is carefully inspecting our mines. During the past two years the firm of Stone & Downer have paid some attention to the purchase and sale of mining stocks, These they buy outright, pay for and deliver to their customers or hold them subject to call.

The business has not grown to very great proportions as yet, but it is increasing, and will grow rapidly from this time forth. In Boston alone the business has grown from nothing four years ago, to probably $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 during the past twelve months. Speculation in railroad stocks is rapidly falling into disrepute, and the surplus capital of the East is seeking other channels of investigation. One of these they find in the honestly-managed, dividend-paying stocks, and to ascertain the most desirable of these Mr. Downer has come on a tour of inspection. He spent a couple of weeks in San Francisco, studying the intricacies of the market, and then came here. After visiting the bonanza mines, he will go to Eureka, then to Tuscarora, then to Utah, and will return home by way of Denver and St. Louis.

The stocks most in favor in the Eas at present are the Con. Virginia, California, Eureka Consolidated, Grand Prize, Leeds anp Ontario. As a rule, non-dividend paying stocks are not wanted, the only exception being Ophir. During the month of November the house which Mr. Downer represents handled about 2,000 shares of this stock; most of it was bought at less than $20, and sold at above $40 per share. As before stated, this was an exception to the rule, as nearly all the purchases of stock for Eastern account are for permanent investment.

The Eastern people who invest in mining stocks are not confined to Boston, but some are found in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and all the Eastern cities. The City of Brotherly Love, however, probably owns more mining stocks than Baltimore, Washington and New York combined.

Tom Allen, who has in past years won notoriety in the United States by his prize fights with Mike McCoole, Joe Goss and other bruisers, is now in England and matched to fight Jack Knifton of Manchester for $1,000 a side and the championship of the world. The mill will come off next month. They are to wear light gloves and fight in catch weights, according to the rules of the London prize ring. Knifton is nearly six feet in stature and weighs 315 pounds. Allen cannot rest without pounding and being pounded.

The Chinese are leaving Virginia City, and the *Chronicle* thus describes the probable cause:

Each day notes the ghostly exodus of some poor devil whose abdominal front flops against his back-bone as he walks, like a tattered main-sail smiting the mast of a tempest-tossed clamscow.

There is no woman stationed on the face of the earth who tries so hard to do right and failes oftener than the average mother-in-law.

The handsome principal of a Wisconsin school is only eighteen. Yet the girls say, "Principals, not men."

Gravely comes the news that "Conkling's sun is setting." Probaply when it hatches somebody will see stars.

"Don't despise your poor relations. They might get rich some time, and then it would be so hard to explain things."

The Czar is in St. Petersburg.

A Texan on the Mexican Outrages.

A Texan in a letter to the New York *Graphic* says:

Senator Conkling wishes to investigate this Mexican border hostility business. Now, let me give him a few facts to start with.

This talk of Mexican raids and forays is all nonsense. The real raids, when peeled down to their pith, stand on a par with your tramp outrages on lone houses and chicken coops in the Eastern States. Indeed, you really need more troops to protect you from your own tramps than we do against Mexicans in Texas. We number 50,000 men on or near the frontier, hardy and inured to the use of the rifle. The Mexicans, by their own government, are not allowed to keep other than fowling pieces. They are at the best a set of lazy thieves. But I will tell you in all candor, we in Texas want a war. A war made Texas, and another one would help her amazingly. Personally, I should like nothing better. I know exactly where to go and how to operate. It would be $100,000 or the chance of that sum in my pocket.

Still, when I behold this matter seriously agitated in the North; when I hear the the theft of a tough old cow or a $10 mustang by a lot of Indian thieves so magnified and sent all over the United States, accompanied by such calls for troops and garrisons to protect the border while the robbing, burning, plundering, and cutting throats of your own domestic tramp from Maine to Maryland, is a matter of daily occurrence, I am moved counter to my own interest to talk a little truth and common sense.

Life in Arizona.

Murders Committed Along the Most Frequented Highways.

November 6th A. Lande was sitting in a chair tipped back agaist his house in Gila City. A number of Mexicans came up, and Lange asked Jesus Cos, who lived near him, how many melons he had left. Seferion Lopez spoke up and said: "He has got all that you can buy." Lange said in Spanish: "Why do you talk that way to me? I was not speaking to you." Seferion who had been squatting down, jumped up, drew his pistol, and said: "You can't jaw me if you are in your own house." At the same time Lange sprang up and ran into his house and Seferino took a position near the corner. When Lange came to the door with a shotgun both fired at once. Lopez missed, and jumped on his mare, rode off, pistol in hand. Lange's fire put a load of quail shot into a horse tied near the corner. Lange then ran inside and several rifle shots were heard from around the house. Lopez was seen to reel in his saddle when galloping off at a distance of forty or fifty yards frem the house. He was not seen again till eight days afterward, when

HIS BODY WAS FOUND

in the willows at the edge of the river, about 400 yards from the station. His pants and drawers had been taken off and were lying by the side of him; also his pistol. His horse has been recovered, but the saddle and bridle have disappeared. One hand was slightly wounded with fine shot and a hole an inch and a half across was knocked through him from butt to groin. Lange was first indicted of murder in the second degree. It being explained to the Grand Jury that they had no business with the degrees of murder they indicted him for manslaughter. The second indictment being defective was quashed on motion of the District Attorney under direction of the Court and the Grand Jury took another turn at it. On the trial the prosecution failed to show that anyone saw Lange fire the fatal shot or that Lopez could not have been killed by someone else. The jury brought in

A VERDICT OE NOT GUILTY.

Lopez used to keep the station at New River, on the San Diego road, and at the time of his death was keeping a station on the Sonora road, near the boundary. The tragic record of all the stations along the Gila road makes station-keepers very prompt in meeting apparent attacks. It is not so very long since three men were murdered at the next station to Lange's, at Mission Camp. The fate of Jim Williams of Mohawk, of Ed. Lumley at Konyon's, of Whistler and the hostler at Berke's, of the entire family at Bluewater, and of others along the road, is still to fresh in men's minds to admit of allowing a desperado to get away, pistol in hand, after making one bluff with it, without reaching out after him with such weapons as a protecting Providence may have placed in our hands. But the jury said Lange did not kill him anyhow.

James Watt, the famous English engineer, directed by his will that his workshop and its contents, in an old mansion in the suburbs of Birmingham, England, should not be disturbed, and the room remains as he left it. This requirement is vexatious from the fact that in the apartments are cabinets and drawers filled not only with the finest examples of Wedgwood's plaques, but with priceless designs and models, many of which by Flaxam, who was one of Wedgwood's friends, and helped essentially in the models from which Wedgwood worked.

Nast.

How He Slings that Pencil—Big Prices for Stories and Poems.

[St. Louis Republican.

Fletcher W. Harper. a member of the celebrated firm of Harper Brothers, New York, is spending a couple of days in the city. He is a grandson of Fletcher Harper, one of the original founders of the house. Talking about Nast's connection with the publication, he said he stood at the head of the caricaturists in the political line, and received flattering offers from across the waters, but he had declined them. He is a hard worker, his labors were as exhaustive as that of the editor, lawyer or actor, and he threw his whole energies into his work. When he closed work a short time to take much needed recreation and recuperate, the newspapers said there was a difficulty with his employers. This was not true.

"Would not Mr, Nast do well to repeat his lecture tour? He came to St. Louis and made a success," said the reporter.

"Mr. Nast says he will never again enter the lecture field. He is a bashful man, timid before an audience, and he said on returning from his first essay in the lecture business that nothing could induce him to repeat the experiment. He said he never appeared before an audience but with fear and trembling. The fact is, he is of too retiring a nature to submit voluntarily to punishment of that kind."

Mr. Harper talked a little on the subject of international copyright. He said it was the British publishers and not the authors who were clamorous for the measure. The firm had paid George Elliot $10,000 for an early copy of "Daniel Deronda," so that the book was published simultaneously in London and New York. Of course other American publishers had the privilege of publishing the book as soon as they got hold of a copy; but it was a good advertisement for the Harpers. A very large sum' for instance, was paid by them to Longfellow for his poem "Keramos," but the advantages of having the first publication probably paid on the same principle. But they didn't care to get such costly poems too often.

California Legislature.

[From the Sacramento Bee.]

Both Houses of the Legislature adjourned Thursday until Jan. 3d—two weeks.

And this is the way Dame Rumor now fixes the Senatorial bargain: Farley, Senator to succeed Sargent, Irwin to have the next finger in the pie (if Booth doesn't get his in first); Ryland to be Governor, and Lewis, the statesman from Tehama, to be Lieutenant-Governor—by way of promotion, of course. Lewis is ambitious, but willing to wait. McDonald is expected to make his own fight.

Several papers of the State express similar opinions to the *Bee's* concerning the new Senator.

Farley will not take his seat until March, 1879, when Sargent retires to private life unless he should get a diplomatic appointment before that time.

The lobbyists of the school book houses are thick around the Legislature. Keep a watch on their movements.

The street car fare reduction bill seems to go sweeping through the Legislature.

We notice quite a number of the "old boys" here, who have come, as they say, to "kind o' look round." Waiting for something to turn up, doubtless.

LAWS OF '77.

The Governor has approved the following bills:

To fix the time of holding the County Court of Del Norte.

Giving the Supervisors of Alameda control of a bridge across the estuary of the San Antonio.

Fixing the bonds of the County Treasurer of Del Norte.

Allowing the Supervisors of Mariposa county to employ special counsel.

In regard to Chinese immigration.

Repealing an act of 1876 in regard to the destruction of animals in Mendocino, Del Norte, Humboldt, Lake, Placer, San Luis Obispo and Colusa.

GRAND PRIZE BULLION.—The recent developments in grand Prize have left renewed strength of muscle and buoyancy of spirit in every mine-owner and prospector in Tuscarora District. Like the Comstock, the Grand Prize is a veritable mineralogical miracle. At every foot of the new development the ore grows richer in gold and silver. Some idea of the increasing percentage of gold may be formed when it is known that fifteen bars of Grand Prize bullion yield nearly $27,000 in value.

Our citizens are now more than ever convinced that outside of Virginia and Gold Hill, there is not another silver mining camp in the world which gives more flattering assurances of richness and permanency than the free-ore ledges of Tuscarora.

In a few days more the Grand Prize company will have forty stamps in active operation and then our skeptical friends at a distance will begin to open their eyes with astonishment.—*Tuscarora Times.*

Flora Temple the famous trotter is dead. That's the ninth time.

Clairvoyants of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Hartford *Times* thus speaks of the clairvoyants of the metropolis:

Two-thirds, or more, of the clairvoyants are women, and most of their patrons are women. The most profitable patrons of the clairvoyants are the wives and daughters of rich men, who always have plenty of pocket money and very little to do. There are many fashionable matrons and belles who visit them almost as often as they give orders to their dressmakers. It may seem strange, but it is a recognized fact that scores of educated, intelligent, wide-awake ladies have as firm a faith in the reality of clairvoyance as they have in their religion. There are some in Fifth Avenue who would not do any important act without first ascertaining from some clairvoyant or fortune-telling source its probable result. It is not uncommon for such persons to disguise themselves as servants or workingmen, and thus visit the purveyor of mystic knowledge to have solved some matter that, mayhap, has worried them day and night. The clairvoyants patronized by this class are the elite of the profession, so to speak. They have a private and select line of business, occupy handsomely furnished apartments, generally in French flats, and require a reference or an introduction from all persons soliciting their service. They make a good deal of money and can afford to live very comfortably, as they usually do. One woman, whose residence is not far from the Stewart mansion on Fifth Avenue, charges $5 for every consultation, and has as much business, it is said, as she can attend to. A few others also live in that neighborhood and enjoy a liberal patronage from the fashionable world, but this particular one has the cream of the trade.

The business men of New York are noted for their shrewdness and hard sense, and would be the last persons to be suspected of superstitious weakness; yet, unless they are wrongly accused, many of them consult the fortune-tellers and clairvoyants quite regularly. If such a man as Commodore Vanderbilt had even the smallest particle of faith in the female seer, there need be but little difficulty in accepting the talk that puts many less noted men in the same category. At all event, it is frequently said of this man or that one that he habitually calls upon one or another of our modern weird sisters for informatiou or advice about his business. Also, that there are tradesmen and others of that class among us who never begin an enterprise till it has been approved by some one who pretends that he or she can read the future.

Gen. Harlan met the supreme court justices at noon, and took the iron-clad oath, after which the justices formed a procession and entered the court-room, Gen. Harlan following clothed in the judicial gown. He halted at the clerk's desk while the justices took their seats. The court was then for mally opened, and Chief Justice Waite said he had received the commission of John M. Harlan as associated justice of the court. This was ordered read by the clerk, and the chief justice then said: "The oath will now be taken." Gen. Harlan read in an audible tone, holding up one hand while the other was placed on the Bible, the oath as follows: "I, John M. Harlan, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent upon me as justice of the supreme court of the United States according to the best of my abilities and understanding, agreeably to the constitution and laws of the United States; so help me God." After the oath, Justice Harlan took the seat on the extreme left formerly occupied by Associate Justice Hnnt, who now occupies the seat on the right. The justices then rose and bowed to their new colleague.

What President Grant doesn't know about firmness President Hayes can teach him.

The reputation a man gets from his ancestors wants about as much altering to fit him as their clothes would.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best Illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successluf agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports making over $150 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as wel' as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 9-29-1y

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over $20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 9-71y

WEBER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

Complete Triumph

AT THE CENTENNIAL,

As shown by the figures of the judges, which are the fundamental basis of all awards.

"WEBER."

	Bristow.	Kupka.	Oliver.	Schiedmayer.
Tone	6	6	6	6
Equality	6	6	6	5
Quality	6	6	6	6
Touch	6	6	6	6
	24	24	24	23—95

Thus the Weber Piano Received

95 out of a Possible 96,

While the highest number reached by any other of the forty manufacturers who competed, was only

91 out of a Possible 96;

And a juror adds: "Weber's Pianos were UNQUESTIONABLY the BEST PIANOS on exhibition. Weber's Grand Piano was the MOST WONDERFUL PIANO I EVER TOUCHED OR HEARD," and Weber Pianos must be recognized beyond contoversy as the

"Standard for Excellence in Every Particular,"

UNDOUBTEDLY SUPERIOR to those of the American Manufacturers claiming the first prize at London, Paris and Vienna.

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Estey Organs,

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Justly Celebrated

Standard Organs

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CHEAP PIANOS.

$50 or more cash; balance, $15 or $20 monthly, with interest.

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FULL IRON FRAME,

EASY PAYMENTS.

For New Music,

Music Books,

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Or any Article in the Music Trade, Call on or Address

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10-13tf

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Apricots, Nectarines,
Grape Vines, and all Small Fruits,
Butternuts, Walnuts, American and Spanish Chestnuts, Hardy Evergreens and Deciduous Ornamental Weeping Trees such as Norway Spruce, American Golden and Siberian Arbor-vitae,
Irish Juniper, that beautiful Ever green ornamental shrub the Rhododendron, English Horse Chestnuts, Silver Maple, Standard and Weeping Mountain Ash, Weeping Willows,

A fine assortment of Hybrid China, Tea and Moss Roses.

And many other varieties of trees, shrubs and plants not mentioned. Persons interested in the growing of fruit and ornamental trees shrub;, etc., are invited to call and see our Nurseries.

R. P. CHAPIN,
Manager.

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